One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Whenever people hear that we work on The Calgary Herald, they always ask us what kind of a fellow it is that writes the column on the editorial page, the one on the right-hand side of the cartoon. "What the hell" they say to us "what the hell kind of a guy *is* he?" Well, this being the Christmas season, our heart is overflowing with generosity, and we propose to set forth a little information about this picturesque character.

★ ★ ★

First of all, he has two heads. One head is always trying to get him into trouble; the other is always trying to make him steer clear of it. Guess which head always gets its own way? Right. He is seven feet tall, and always dresses in glorious technicolor. How do you like that? His method of composition is rather unusual. Scorning such implements as typewriters and comptometers, this unusual fellow writes his daily column on blocks of sandstone with a pneumatic drill. He says: "Typewriters are for sissies." When he is in a perverse mood (which is pretty often) he engraves his column on the head of a pin, then sends it upstairs to be set in type. The linotype operators love him. So do the animals at the Zoo. When he feels hungry, he goes down to St. George's Island, and the apes throw food to him through the bars. Isn't that interesting? He never reads newspapers or magazines: the only thing he reads is the C.P.R. schedule, which he knows from cover to cover. This incorrigible individualist does not live in a house, like more orthodox citizens, but spends most of his time in a helicopter, which he clipped out of Life magazine. To get inside it, he uses the Indian Rope Trick.

A RUGGED CHARACTER

★ ★ ★

He is fabulously rich, not because of his writings, but because he owns vast natural beds of Grape Nuts in Northern Alberta: every Christmas, he sends a charity hamper to Louis B. Mayer. Quite a guy, eh? Pretty soon, he intends to retire, and write a book about evolution, a process which, he maintains, came to a dead stop several centuries ago. Since then, he believes, evolution has been proceeding rapidly backwards, and in a generation or so, men will be walking on all fours. By way of preparing himself for this stage of retrogression, he walks on all fours himself, and frequently causes gasps of admiration by strolling around the lobby of the Palliser in this fashion.

★ ★ ★

Some years ago, he became convinced that the elevators in the Herald building were being used by a low class of people, grain dealers and similar riff-raff. As a result he became an amateur human fly, and it is a common sight among his associates to see him come striding up the side of the building, and rap imperiously on the window for admission. His method of smoking, as most people know, is rather unusual: he inhales, but never exhales. Owing to his prominent position, he knows a great many inside facts about world affairs: he was the first writer, it will be recalled, to reveal that Communism was rife in Soviet Russia: more recently, he was able to disclose to a startled public that Adolf Hitler is anti-British. Of these journalistic feats, he modestly remarks: "The public should know about these things."

★ ★ ★

We could tell a good deal more about this colorful personality, but space forbids. We can only say that he has just telephoned us from his luxurious winter home in Crescent Heights, and has asked us to bestow upon the readers of this newspaper his best wishes for gaiety and contentment and a place at the head of the line-up.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Let all men of goodwill contemplate the plight of the children in various districts of Alberta who can't go to school because they won't salute the flag. These are the children of Jehovah's Witnesses, a dismal and fanatical sect which we regard with unalloyed apathy. The members of this sect refuse to recognize man-made governments: they claim their only loyalty is to God. Therefore, they won't let their children pledge allegiance to the flag and the country for which the flag stands.

★ ★ ★

THE CHILDREN AND THE FLAG

All this seems to us very sad and foolish, but we don't think that the children should be barred from school because of it, as has been done at Galbraith public school in Lethbridge, and, we understand, at various other public schools in Alberta. Such an action may seem to the trustees concerned the highest type of patriotism, but to us it seems mean and miserable. The function of the public school in Alberta, as we understand it, is to educate children—all children, without regard to their race or their color, without regard to their religious and political beliefs, or rather, the religious and political beliefs which their parents impose upon them. If the parents of certain children live in a theological dream-world, and if they are trying to bring their children up in the same way, that seems to us a sad thing—but not sufficient reason for refusing the children an education. On the contrary, we should think the children of Jehovah's Witnesses are more in need of normal schooling than most other children.

★ ★ ★

If these children—some of whom have been barred from the schools for as long as two years—don't get the education to which they, as Alberta children, have a perfect right, what will become of them? They will, we suppose, grow up to be more or less illiterate. Is an illiterate Jehovah Witness more desirable than an educated Jehovah's Witness? We doubt it. Perhaps the schools can do something to mitigate the cramping influence of this harsh sect. At least, they should get a chance to try. And they won't get the chance if the children aren't allowed to attend.

★ ★ ★

COMPULSION AND FORCE

After all, the Hutterites are just as apathetic towards flags and governments as the Jehovah's Witnesses. Yet the Hutterite children get their schooling, because they are willing to observe certain small technicalities which the children of Jehovah's Witnesses refuse to observe. And these patriotic observations *are* technicalities. They mean whatever you want them to mean. True patriotism, like true love or true religion, cannot be based on rituals and gestures: it has to come naturally from inside a person: it cannot be imposed on him forcibly from outside. As the United States Supreme Court observed last year, in their judgment on a case concerning this same sect, the Jehovah's Witnesses, "National unity of opinion may not be attained by the use of compulsion and force on the part of the government or any official, high or petty, but must be left unfettered to thrive as it will under the institutions of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of worship."

★ ★ ★

This whole matter is now before the provincial Department of Education. We hope they will decide that the need of these harmless children for an education is more important than the patriotic zeal of the trustees of the Lethbridge School Board. The Minister of Education, Hon. Solon Low, is himself an adherent of a faith which has, in years past, known grievous persecution. He will not, we trust, permit these children to be excluded and discriminated against simply because their parents practice an irritating form of religion.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Today we study slogans, catchwords and parrot-phrases, which are highly popular with all. Beat the drum, blow the bugle, and bring on the slogans. They are meaningless, and in many instances downright harmful, but what does that matter? They are easy to remember, like the words of Pistol-Packing Momma.

★ ★ ★

For example, we often hear about the vested interests. But what *is* a vested interest? The word "interest" is self-explanatory: the word "vested" is defined by the office dictionary as follows: (1) clothed, robed, dressed esp. in ecclesiastical garments: (2) established, secured or settled in the hands of a certain possessor. From this it may be deduced that any person or group possessing an established right to some position or property or privilege is a vested interest.

SOULS AND VESTMENTS

Vested interests are not limited to the world of finance. The man who owns a house has a vested interest in that house, and the man who owns a car has a vested interest in that car. We have a vested interest in this column, which we propose to defend against all assaults. Husbands have, according to law and usage, a vested interest in their wives, and parents have a vested interest in their children. We must therefore be careful not to denounce all vested interests, because there are thousands of them: some good, some bad. We must sort out the good vested interests from the bad vested interests, following which we will take the bad vested interests and divest them of their vestments.

★ ★ ★

Then there are the soulless corporations. Should we give them a soul, make them soulful corporations? But if we did, they might go bankrupt from sheer generosity: the stockholders would not like that, nor would the employees. Is there any record, in commercial history, of a soulful corporation? If so, what kind of dividends did it pay? We must study this problem with great care, for we may discover, in the course of our research, that corporations, like lamp-posts or bomber planes, are bound, by their very nature, to be soulless. The possession of a soul would destroy their ability to function.

★ ★ ★

And then there are the long-haired professors. They are dangerous fellows, and we must not assume that their subversive tendencies will be cured by a visit to the barber-shop. What we must do is, first of all, to establish a standard of length, discover the point at which a professor's hair stops being short and starts being long. Once this is settled, we can send investigators, armed with accurate instruments, to all the universities, to measure the length of every professor's hair. Those who have no hair will, of course, be spared the embarrassment of an examination. Those who have short hair will be let off with a warning. And those who have long hair will be cast into outer darkness. At the same time, we must appoint a competent board of oculists to track down wild-eyed (or starry-eyed) idealists. Their job will be to separate all the idealists into two classes: those whose eyes are wild (or starry), and those whose eyes are steady (or lifeless). The crackpot agitators present few difficulties. All agitators should be examined by one of those men who hit train wheels with a little hammer, to see if they are whole or cracked. The official examiner merely needs to strike each agitator smartly with his little hammer, then listen. If the agitator gives off a true, clear note, he is whole and may be spared. But if he gives off a sour, jarring note, he is obviously a crackpot agitator, and should be flogged with rolled-up copies of The Financial Post. Or else struck heavier blows with a larger hammer.

HAIR AND HAMMERS

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

The trouble with human beings is that they are human beings, and will never be anything else. Sometimes they act like apes, sometimes like angels: but most of the time, they are somewhere between the two extremes, vaguely blundering along the narrow, tortuous path which leads from the howling wilderness to the celestial city. Reformers and improvers get very impatient at the slow progress of the human race: they want humanity to rush forward, or at least proceed at a dog-trot. But humanity won't be hurried: homo sapiens likes to shuffle along in his own maddening way, stopping every now and then, and sometimes going backwards from sheer perversity.

★ ★ ★

This state of affairs infuriates many people, among them a lady who belongs to the Women's Land Army in Great Britain, and who wrote last month to a London weekly, denouncing her giddy co-workers. "They care little about mental activities," she wrote. "They find their satisfaction in pub-crawling and flirting with soldiers. . . . Surely, someone ought to be interested in these girls, who seem so far removed from a healthy and well-organized society."

THEY CAN'T BE HURRIED

If you study this complaint carefully, you will see its major weakness. It does not suggest that the girls themselves are dissatisfied with their frivolous way of living: on the contrary, it frankly admits that they find satisfaction therein. Do the girls themselves want to be changed? Do they want to take up town-planning, join a study group on low-cost housing, listen to the works of Saint-Saens? Not at all: they want to traipse from pub to pub: they want to wave their eyelashes at every man they see. They like it.

★ ★ ★

Aye, there's the rub. They like it: they haven't the slightest desire to be improved or reconstructed. Their idea of a healthy, well-organized society is one in which there are lots of pubs and lots of men: lots of food and lots of movies: lots of clothes and lots of cosmetics. They are not the slightest bit interested in technological unemployment, the national debt, or the future status of Latvia. All they want is a good time. And their lives are just as happy as the lives of people who plan the reconstruction of the human race. Happier, perhaps: for the Frivolous Sals get what they're after: the serious-minded planners are doomed to crushing disappointment.

★ ★ ★

The great majority of people live in the world of the roller-coaster, the kitchen stove and the comic strips. They like it: they don't want to lift themselves out of it, and they certainly don't want to be lifted out of it by a few well-meaning people who have chosen to carry, upon their own frail shoulders, the weight of the world's wickedness and woe. They feel—this cheerful, irresponsible majority—that they cannot cope with the enormous complexities of modern civilization. They do their best to keep their own affairs in order: indeed, many of them lead more orderly lives than the planners. But the prospect of establishing, or even taking part in, a well-organized society leaves them cold. They just want to grub along in their own way, eating, drinking, and showing off in front of the opposite sex. They don't go in much for mental activity—but perhaps this is because they have to work so hard supporting the people who do.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Every time we look at the paper, we see that some sturdy fellow has been standing up to defend individualism and denounce regimentation. This is a brave cause, but, we fear, a forlorn one: individualism is steadily losing ground in North America, and regimentation is taking its place. It is not the regimentation of autocracy: it is not really comparable with the regimentation of the New Disorder. Rather, it is the regimentation of the majority: the regimentation enforced by public taste and public approval. It is the regimentation of people who are all anxious to live in the same way, and who look with suspicion, if not hostility, on rebels and dissenters. Standardized, assembly-line merchandise is producing standardized, assembly-line minds.

★ ★ ★

Here on the North American continent, we are regimented by laws written and unwritten. The written ones are oppressive in some small measure, but they are nothing at all compared with the unwritten ones, which say that we must all wear the same kind of clothes, live in the same kind of house, and think the same kind of thoughts. We must sing the same songs, see the same movies, shout the same mass-slogans, listen to the same radio programs, dance the same steps, and eat the same grub. We must cross with the green light, get our hair cut every two weeks, and be overcome with the same regimented emotions on Mother's Day.

YOU MUSTN'T BE DIFFERENT

We must wear the right clothes for the right occasions, read the right books, play the right games, belong to the right clubs, move with the right people, own the right mechanical devices, and think the same right thoughts as our right-thinking fellow-citizens. Under this kind of gentle (but highly effective) regimentation, the individualist is tolerated—but only barely tolerated. He is always in danger of being run out of town by the right-thinking majority. How long would such forthright individualists as Byron or Shelley or Gauguin last in our society? They would be ostracized and spat upon—especially by the people who make speeches in defence of individualism.

★ ★ ★

The written laws are oppressive, as we have said, in their own small way, and inevitably produce a measure of regimentation. How many federal, provincial and municipal statutes hang over the head of every Canadian? They must be as countless as the fish in the sea. How many hawk-eyed censors (in peace, as well as war) regiment his reading, his radio programs, his movie entertainment? Their number is beyond computation. How many iron-clad rulings and regulations govern him in so simple and innocuous a matter as the purchase of a case of beer? The regimentation imposed upon presumably respectable citizens in so small a transaction as this would make Hitler blush for shame.

★ ★ ★

We like individualism and we like individualists. We like people who think for themselves, act on their own initiative, and live according to their own standards. But we do not believe these non-conformers are in the majority: they are a pitiful minority, regarded by the rest of the populace with mingled envy, fear and disapproval. Our regimented society suspects people who are "different"—whether that difference is in dress, in color or in language; in viewpoint, in tastes or in behavior. Regimentation is here right now: it will stay here and there will be more of it, partly from government action, but mostly because people want to be just like other people—and want other people to be just like them. In a generation or so, all the individualists will have been sent to the salt mines in Northern Alberta, and only the docile conformers will be left, looking alike, acting alike, thinking alike. When that day comes it will, we fear, be difficult to distinguish between the quick and the dead.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Well, we see by the paper that Viscount Bennett was speaking the other day in London, and he held forth as follows: "I don't believe the British Empire is an accident. I believe the miracles of this war are indeed miracles and that we have survived and will continue to do so because we have a divine mission to rule the world."

★ ★ ★

This has worried us more than a little. A divine mission to rule the world—that is a tremendous responsibility, especially when you consider the shape the world is in these days. And the world such a big place, too. And so many troublesome people in it. And so much of it belonging to other people. Take Mr. Stalin, for example: he's got one-sixth of the world. How are the people of the British Empire (people like you and me, brother) going to get it away from him? Because in order to rule territory, you have to have territory. And in order to rule the world, you have to have the world. You can't rule the world, if big chunks of it belong to other people. Just as it says in the old recipe for cooking a rabbit: "First catch your rabbit . . ." Then there's China. Are the Chinese ready to be ruled by the British Empire? We have gathered the impression, in our own blundering fashion, that the Chinese don't want to be ruled by anybody: they want to rule themselves. This is downright mean of them, but what can you do about it? There are 400 millions of them, and we see by the paper that they are pretty tough fighters. Not to mention the Americans. They had a terrible fight with the British Empire about 200 years ago—something to do with tea—and they have been carrying on sporadic guerrilla activities against the British ever since. They'll be quite disturbed when they learn that the world is going to be ruled by the British Empire. We sure as hell feel sorry for the poor guy who breaks the news to Col. Robert McCormick, the publisher of the Chicago Tribune. Bertie will be plenty mad.

BIG PLACE, THE WORLD

★ ★ ★

The more we think about it, the more we realize that this business of world-ruling is going to stir up a lot of trouble. And that trouble is going to land right on the doorsteps of people who write a newspaper column in Calgary, and drive a taxi in Capetown, and sell shoes in Melbourne, and wash dishes in London. Because the British Empire is not a dictatorship, where the power and the responsibility rest with one man, or a little group of men: it is by way of being a democracy, where the power and responsibility rest with the people as a whole, the individual voters. So we, as an individual citizen of the British Empire, will have to take the rap. We will have to shoulder the burden of ruling the Russians and the Chinese and the Americans—not to mention the Poles and the Belgians and the Norwegians and all the other people. That's quite a heavy burden. We must rule 2,000,000,000 people, most of whom strenuously object to being ruled by some other power, even if that other power has a divine mission. No respect for divine missions: that's the trouble with them.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately, we haven't much confidence in our ability to rule the world. We do our best to rule Calgary and Alberta and Canada—this being our inescapable responsibility as a voter in this city and this province and this country. But the result isn't what you might call heartening. And we do our best to rule ourself: our work, our finances, our desires. But there, again, we haven't done too well. Indeed, we often doubt if we have enough gubernatorial capacity to rule a goldfish bowl. But now we must rule the world, on account of having a divine mission to do so. Well, bring it on: not right now, though: about a week from now. We need a few days to clean up the house, and answer the Christmas mail, and fix one of the windows. Oh yes, and we must compose a carefully-worded cable to a certain gentleman in Moscow, telling him that we fellows in the British Empire are taking over, and that he can go roll his hoop.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Great minds think alike, as the saying goes. On August 9, 1943, the following observation appeared on the editorial page of Life magazine: "There is not a home in America, not an automobile, not a radio or refrigerator that does not need to be improved." Last week, Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, told a meeting of the Canadian Club in Toronto: "There is not a home in Canada, nor an automobile, nor a radio, nor a refrigerator that does not need to be improved."

★ ★ ★

MR. HOWE'S NEW WORLD

That's the way it is these days: great minds thinking away like mad: thinking not about the tawdry trivialities of life such as justice and integrity and intelligence, but about the basic truths, the eternal verities, such as radios and refrigerators and automobiles. These are the things which will save the world: these are the harbingers of global brotherhood—faster travel, louder noises, and a larger consumption of frosted loganberries. Or are they? We feel certain they won't do *us* much good, for we are by way of being a heretic about mechanical progress. We are left unmoved (or, rather we feel like throwing up) when Life magazine goes on to say: "We must people the skyways with airplanes and helicopters, and crowd the ether with television." When we read such stuff as this, an ugly three-letter word forms in our mind: Why? Why fill the sky with airplanes and helicopters? Why not leave the sky alone? Or—if it must be filled with something—why not fill it with game birds? Game birds make good eating. Helicopters don't.

★ ★ ★

BAUBLES AND BRUMMAGEM

As for radios and refrigerators, our attitude in such matters is rather stubborn—friendly, mind you, but stubborn. We are quite satisfied with our radio: we don't want Mr. Howe to improve it. We purchased it some years ago, as we recollect; second-hand, for $9.50. It gets the three Calgary stations during the day, and at night picks up strange noises from barbaric parts of the globe. It has a nice tone, and plays records in a pleasing manner, so that if we close our eyes and ignore the odor of turkey hash coming from the kitchen, we can almost imagine that we are in Carnegie Hall. If Mr. Howe starts interfering with this radio we like so well, we will be pretty upset. Then there's the refrigerator. It isn't electric: it's an ordinary metal ice box, red and white. True, it could stand a little improvement: the handle needs fixing. Will Mr. Howe send a man to fix the handle on our ice box? Or will he try to make us get a new one—some gigantic plastic affair, apparently the result of a furtive liaison between a T.C.A. plane and a jukebox?

★ ★ ★

Our heresies go even further. We don't see the necessity of travelling at 300 m.p.h.: our idea of a sensible speed is the pleasant, good tempered 35-40 m.p.h. of the C.P.R. Does that make us uncivilized? We don't want to see our distant relatives by television: come to that, we don't want to see our distant relatives. We don't want to be experimented upon by the mad scientists who are, apparently, to be the saints and prophets, the poets and architects of the post-war world. To put it briefly, we (and other like-minded people) are going to be a real post-war problem. When Mr. Howe and his friends from Life magazine come knocking at our door with their streamlined brummagem, we will greet them with an attitude of utter frivolity. "No spik Nylon" we will say, gesticulating wildly. "No spik Electronics: no spik Buna-S." That should fix them. And after they have taken their catchpenny baubles away, we will go back to the kitchen, make sure the pot-roast isn't burning, open another bottle, stick our feet on the table, and continue reading Will Cuppy's monumental work: "How To Tell Your Friends From The Apes."

★ ★ ★

A SCRAP OF PAPER

We spent some time yesterday cleaning up our office: removing 1943's debris from files and desk drawers so as to make room for the debris of 1944. Engaged in this interesting task we came across a scrap of paper on which we had scribbled, at some time during the year, the mysterious words: "Marsh Plan." This puzzled us: what does it mean? What did we write it down for? We can only hazard the guess that, during 1943, some wild promoter must have tried to interest us in financing a marshmallow plantation, and that we must have made a note of it, in abbreviated form, for future reference. And there the little note lay, in a steel filing cabinet, completely forgotten, nothing done about it. Well, maybe that is a good thing. There are enough wild schemes already in this world, without adding onto them such a dubious venture as a marshmallow plantation.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

We frequently hear it said that Canadians have a high standard of living. Well, this is true in some ways—food and clothing and mechanical devices and so forth—but it is not true in every way. Let us contemplate, for example, a report issued this month by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, entitled "Libraries in Canada: 1940-42." It sets forth as follows: "Except in a few localities, the work of public libraries in Canada has shown little increase during the last ten years . . . Well over half of the Canadian population is still without public library service, as compared with one-fourth in the United States and less than 1 per cent in Britain. Expenditure for libraries here continues to be less than 20 cents per capita, while it approaches 30 cents in Britain, and is more than 40 cents in the United States."

★ ★ ★

The report observes that the total volume of public library reading in Canada is less than it was ten years ago. However, the children's departments of Canada's public libraries report a decided increase in activity over the last decade, so something may come of this. During 1941, says the report, the circulation of public library books in Ontario was 13,596,079: in Quebec, with approximately the same population, the circulation of public library books was 729,048. This extraordinary disparity is due to the fact that Quebec has hardly any free public libraries: there are just nine of them in the whole province, as compared with 17 in Alberta, and well over 200 in Ontario. It might also be pointed out that the French-Canadians are not what you might call enthusiastic believers in book-larnin'. During the year 1941, the circulation of public library books in Alberta totalled 1,448,791: more than Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined. Ontario has far and away the most and the busiest public libraries in Canada: followed by British Columbia, then Alberta, then Saskatchewan.

LIBRARIES IN CANADA

★ ★ ★

The report makes it plain that Canadians as a whole aren't very strong on reading public library books. There is a list of per capita figures for various cities to prove it: that is to say, the number of public library books taken out during 1941 per head of population. Sydney, N.S., is in the doghouse with a figure of 0.2: low figures like these prevail throughout the Maritimes. Calgary and Edmonton are well up on the list, with 5.2 and 6.5 respectively. St. Thomas is tops with 9.7 and Lethbridge a close second at 9.6. (The City of Lethbridge ought to have a coat of arms incorporating this triumph: books and beer and beets.) The great cities of Canada do pretty badly: Toronto 5.6: Hamilton 4.5: Ottawa 3.9: Winnipeg 3.5 Vancouver 2.9. By and large, the busiest public libraries in Canada seem to be the ones in small cities west of Toronto. Don't ask us why.

★ ★ ★

The total amount expended on public libraries in Canada during the year 1941 was $2,154,437, which works out, as the report observes, to a little under 20 cents per head of population. However, during the year 1941 (according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics) Canadians spent $4.30 per head of population on motion pictures, $8.70 per head of population on tobacco, and a whacking $21.15 per head of population on liquor. No doubt this regrettable situation is due to the foul machinations of International Finance, or the hellish conspiracies of capitalism. When the revolution comes, the Canadian people will give up tobacco and rum and Betty Grable, and settle down to improve their minds with the printed word.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Looking back on our general progress and behavior during 1943, we see that we spent most of our time collecting litter. We started 1943 with a pretty good accumulation, and all through the year we added to it. Right now, we suppose, we have one of the finest collections of litter in Calgary: bills, receipts, contracts, unanswered letters, unread manuscripts, half-completed articles, clippings, carbon copies, pamphlets, government propaganda, commercial propaganda, ideological propaganda, permits, licenses, railway schedules, and communications from a persistent fellow named Ilsley. We are sadly weighed down by all this litter: we and all the other people who live in that condition jocularly known as modern civilization.

★ ★ ★

Ancient man lived under the lash of cold and hunger: he never stayed long enough in any one place to collect any litter, not even a registration card: all he owned was a club and a woman. Modern man lives under a different lash, the lash of civilization, and all its crushing complexity: he is drowned in litter of all sorts, and he has practically no way of getting rid of it. Litter! Our files are full of it: our mind is full of it: our desk drawers are full of it: our pockets are full of it. Every day, more litter comes in: every day, we look for a new place to put it. We get no joy from this litter, no joy at all: and small profit. It is the penalty we pay for living in a restless, chattering, complex, gregarious society. It is the penalty we pay for working in a business which is solidly (and profitably) based upon the intense curiosity of human beings, their endless desire to be amused, excited, agitated, informed, misinformed, encouraged, depressed, warned, persuaded, coaxed from before, driven from behind, towards—towards what? There is a good deal of dispute about that among our 2,000 million brothers and sisters. They dispute about man's destiny by word of mouth, and they dispute about it on paper. The vocal disputation turns into wars, revolutions, and elections, which produce their own litter: the disputation on paper is, of course, litter to begin with, and a stiff percentage of it ends up on our desk.

THE CURSE OF LITTER

★ ★ ★

This vast accumulation of litter, growing steadily day after day, growing faster than we can ever hope to handle it, fills us with depression. We think our desk is the most untidy desk in the world. We think our office is the worst-run office in the world. We think we get fewer results from more effort than anybody else in the world. If the Canadian government were run the way we run our office, the troops would be armed with bows and arrows. And there wouldn't be any food rationing, on account of there not being any food to ration. If the war were conducted the way we conduct our affairs, British Columbia would be a part of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and at the other end of Canada, Hitler's New Disorder would be establishing its carefully-documented chaos.

★ ★ ★

These are gloomy thoughts to have as the New Year gets under way, but that is how we feel. There is only one thing that can save us, and that is to take a match and set fire to all the litter we have collected during the last few years: set fire to it and make a fresh start. The Germans had all their government records burned in a bombing raid on Berlin the other day: they will fight better because of it. And the Russians—they got a fresh start, too. They destroyed centuries of accumulated litter when they staged their revolution. And now look at them! The path of duty stretches straight before us, and—by a happy coincidence—it also seems to be the line of least resistance. This is too good an opportunity to miss. Anyone got a match?

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

We never seem to get in on the important things in life. We hear a gentleman say on the radio that young people are offered drinks everywhere they go, so we disguise ourself as a young person, and march hopefully around town, but nobody offers us a drink. We see in the paper that some university or other is a hotbed of immorality and radicalism, so we go there and stand on the campus, waiting for the immorality to begin, but all we see is a professor's wife lugging her children downtown to buy them some woolly underwear. After a while, we go into one of the classrooms, and sit down and listen, muttering "Bring on the radicalism!", but all we see is a pallid man in a sack suit telling a group of bored-looking adolescents about quadratic equations, or maybe about Gresham's Law, which says that bad money drives out good, and this is doubtless a fine thing to know about, but it fails to stir us up, because we don't care much whether money is theoretically good or theoretically bad, so long as it gets driven in our direction.

★ ★ ★

HORRORS OF RADICALISM

Quite a few children on our street go to school each day, and since the schools everywhere in Canada are generally recognized to be permeated with socialism, we expect the children to become socialists and start forming co-operatives all over the place, or at least establish some type of juvenile bureaucracy, but it doesn't work out that way: somehow or other, they seem to cling to rugged individualism in its most savage and prehistoric forms. "Did you hear about monopoly finance today?" we ask a child who comes creeping along the street, her jaws crammed with bubble gum. "Naw," she replies, sulkily, "We made leaves out of paper and colored them, and the boy who sits behind me was sick on the floor, and they had to get the janitor, and he cleaned the place up, and put some stuff on the floor that looked like milk, and it smelled something awful." We see by the papers that dictatorship is coming to Canada, so we look out the window to see the man on horseback, but all we see is the Rosedale bus swinging around the corner, and one sad-looking passenger sitting inside, earnestly manipulating a toothpick.

★ ★ ★

GIANTS AND MIDGETS

The Winnipeg Free Press carries a leading editorial entitled "The Little Man's Show," and goes on from there to say that the Fifth Victory Loan must be put over by "the common people of Canada." This seems to us a highly patronizing attitude, one which we would hotly resent if we had enough strength left for hot resentment. What is a Little Man? Have they got one in a cage in the office of the Free Press? Have they got a Common Man in Winnipeg, with a rope around him, gibbering and snarling like Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy? We don't think the scholarly gentlemen who put out the Free Press should refer so glibly to other people as being little or common, certainly not when they're trying to persuade them to buy Victory Bonds.

★ ★ ★

The people who buy such bonds are, in our opinion, neither little nor common: they are big and uncommon, and they have potentialities of becoming even bigger and even more uncommon. Every human being, we think, is different from every other human being: they should not be lumped together like so many sardines or peanuts, nor stuffed in a glass jar labelled: "The Little People." More bigness and less commonness, that's what the world needs, and Victory Loans are one way of bringing it about. So far as we are concerned, bond-buyers aren't little at all: they're positively gigantic.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

That was a dangerous speech which Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen made in Vancouver on Thursday, when he urged Canadians to adopt a "hickory stick" post-war plan based on toil, honesty and thrift. We don't mean the part about honesty: honesty is a fine thing, and we should by all means encourage honest people and appoint them to posts of leadership, provided, of course, that we can get them released from the jails, poorhouses and other institutions where so many of them are now languishing. No, that part about toil and thrift is dangerous. If people toil more, they produce more, and if they produce more, they create a surplus, and if there's a surplus, that brings a depression, and then people have to toil even harder to get themselves through the depression, and in the end they are back where they started—viz. slightly south and east of the eight-ball.

★ ★ ★

As for thrift, that is a fine thing during wartime, but we think it's a dangerous doctrine for the piping times of peace. In peace-time, everybody in Canada is making something and selling it —maybe it is cars, or maybe refrigerators, or maybe clothing, or maybe radios. Well, if people practise thrift, and stick their money in the bank or in an old sock instead of spending it, what happens to the whole production system? It falters and dies for lack of consumers. Up until the war began, people were always buying things: they sold the 1937 car and bought a 1938 car: they scrapped the 1937 hat and bought a 1938 hat: they kept buying new clothes and new furniture and new radios and new products of every kind and description. Not only did they buy them of their own free will and accord—for the sheer joy of spending money—but they were also endlessly encouraged to do so by the leaders of industry and commerce, and all the great thinkers of the time. If any fellow had arisen then to say that people should make the old car do or the old hat do or the old refrigerator do, if he had urged his fellow-citizens to live quietly and humbly and stay out of the stores, why, he would have been branded as a dangerous agitator and told to go back where he came from.

TOIL, THRIFT AND HONESTY

★ ★ ★

We don't know much about economics, but we do know that thrift and North American industrialism don't go together. North American industrialism is based on constant, high-pressure selling, which necessitates constant, high-pressure buying, and that's the point where thrift flies out the window.

★ ★ ★

Another point about toil and thrift is that they make you highly unpopular. The Japanese were hated in British Columbia not so much for their color or language or political ideas, as for their toil and thrift. They worked like galley-slaves, lived on next to nothing, and as a result were able to undersell everybody. The Japanese in Canada were and are an excellent example of toil and thrift: that is the reason why the B.C. people don't want them back. (The same thing is true of the Hutterites in Alberta, and many other so-called "foreign" groups. Their toil and thrift have won them plenty of enemies.) Isn't the opposition of Canadians and Americans to Chinese immigration based largely on their fear of Chinese toil and Chinese thrift? . . . Before this war began, the people of Germany and Japan were pretty unpopular in commercial and industrial circles, simply because of their toil and thrift. They lived humbly, worked hard for low wages, and turned out products which sold on world markets at one-fifth or one-tenth the usual price. By way of self-defence, America and other nations threw up tariff barriers against these disastrously cheap products. What were they defending themselves against? Toil and thrift.

FOR EXAMPLE THE CHINESE

★ ★ ★

So we say that if anybody wants to preach or practise the gospel of toil and thrift right now, he will be loudly acclaimed, but if he does it in peacetime, he will get into all kinds of trouble. Flying a 1950 model helicopter in 1951, he will pride himself, perhaps, on his virtue, but when he gets to the club, he will see the fellows muttering to themselves in a corner, and making faces of loathing and contempt, and will steal up unawares and listen and suddenly realize: "Good Heavens, it's me they're talking about!"

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Last night (that is to say, on Christmas Eve), we were badly bitten by a Dog—the same fierce, intractable creature which has been biting men and women for several thousand years. As a result, we have had to seek consolation, several times today, in the ancient remedy: a hair of the Dog that bit us. It has not been very helpful, and we cherish, at the moment of writing, certain feelings of resentment towards the Dog. We cannot understand our folly in letting ourself get so badly bitten by this Dog: we have known about him for quite a few years, we have been bitten by him many times, we have found the remedy—in most cases —ineffective. Yet whenever we hear him baying to the moon (he seems to do most of his howling and prowling around this time of year), we are sorely tempted to go out and frolic with him.

★ ★ ★

A gentle creature, this Dog: or so he seems when you first walk up to him. The more you pat and caress him, the more you look into his liquid eyes, the more you like him. Indeed, after you have spent an hour or so with this Dog, you form a deep attachment to him, and you think to yourself: "What a wonderful Dog! How kindly, how obedient, how sympathetic! This Dog understands me perfectly: I can always count on him for support and friendship in time of trouble."

SOME BARKS AND GROWLS

So you keep on patting and caressing this Dog, and only in the morning, the cold, cruel morning, do you realize that you have been bitten by the perfidious beast. He bites strangely, this Dog. He does not bite you on the hand or the leg: his teeth are sharp—but he leaves no toothmarks. He bites his victims behind the eyes: he bites them in the tongue: he bites them at the back of the throat: he bites them most grievously in the pit of the stomach. The man who has gambolled too gaily with the Dog wakes up next morning feeling like the Spartan boy who had a fox gnawing at his vitals. What a treacherous Dog this is!

★ ★ ★

But the Dog never runs out of victims. They stand in long queues, they pay large sums of money, for the privilege of a little session with the Dog. From which it must be assumed that the Dog plays an important role in our society. And he does, he does . . . this deceitful, paradoxical Dog, who is at once a gay Dog and a sad Dog. This Dog is a good friend of the underdog: he helps the underdog to forget about his poverty and exploitation. This Dog also befriends the overdog (or top dog), assuaging his guilty conscience and helping him to forget about the misery on which his wealth and power are founded. Impartial Dog!

★ ★ ★

Are you dog-tired, are you as sick as a dog? The Dog will help you. Do you lead a dog's life, do things happen to you that shouldn't happen to a dog? Go see the Dog. Married men get in the doghouse on account of the Dog, but during their period of confinement and disgrace, the Dog is willing to console them. The Dog is, indeed, willing to console anybody, and if he bites the ones who get too friendly with him—well, that is their own fault: they should remember that this is an exceptional Dog: his bite is worse than his bark. So the Dog's countless admirers doggedly pursue him: some in a leisurely fashion and some at a dog-trot. They all go to the Dog, and they are all going to the dogs. Bow wow.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

We have been reading a book on Canadian affairs written by a gentleman prominent in the Communist — oops, sorry—Labor-Progressive movement. It is quite interesting, but somewhat marred by the endless repetitious use of such catchwords as "solidarity" and "proletariat". Many people in the book are described as "dupes" or "tools" of Fascism, and there are frequent stirring references to the virtues of something or other called "the working class".

★ ★ ★

The book keeps on praising Russia's accomplishment in building a classless society, but it seems to us that if the author really wants a classless society, he shouldn't make constant reference to "the working class". How can the working class (or any other group of people who call themselves a class) build a classless society? People who want Canada to have a classless society should probably start by banishing the thought of class from their own minds. What is the working class, anyway? We work about 60 hours a week: does that make us a member of the working class? And if not, why not? As for the word "proletariat", that is a fine-sounding word, but how many of the left-wing people who use it have ever bothered to look it up in the dictionary? The word "proletariat" is related to the word "prolific" and both are based on the Latin word "proles", which means a swarm or litter of young. The word "prolific" refers to creatures (and people) which produce vast numbers of young: the Dionnes, for example, are prolific, and so are rabbits. And the word "proletariat"? We shall let the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary tell you about that: "The lowest class of the community in ancient Rome, regarded as contributing nothing to the state but children". Is there such a class in Canada? If so, it should be discouraged, since the members thereof are obviously dupes and tools of the stork.

STORKS AND NIGHTMARES

★ ★ ★

As for "solidarity", the same dictionary defines it as "the fact or quality of being perfectly united". Well, we know what *that* means: a huge sea of blank minds and blank faces, all chanting the same slogans in perfect unison, all making the same salute, all thinking the same officially-regulated thoughts. This is doubtless the happy dream of Labor-Progressives, but to us it's a plain ordinary nightmare.

★ ★ ★

THE ANIMAL TRAINER

We see by the paper that some people are worried about the animal trainer at St. George's Island: he is, it appears, a fellow of German birth who never became a Canadian citizen. He also spent three years in internment camp, before being released. It is a sad thing that this man never became a Canadian citizen, and it is regrettable that the authorities felt it best to place him behind the bars for three years, but these delinquencies should not, we think, be used as a reason to deprive him of his job. We have been in touch with people who know of this man at first hand, and they say he reduces the snarling lions to a state of friendliness and obedience in much the same manner as Mr. King bringing a gang of recalcitrant Liberals to heel. Doves flock about this fellow in answer to his call, and all the beasts frolic and gambol as he approaches.

★ ★ ★

In a world of prejudice and hatred, such activities seem to us more worthy of commendation than reproof, for they suggest that if the brutish inmates of the Zoo can be trained in ways of gentleness and peace, then perhaps there is some slight hope for the ultimate redemption of the most ferocious animals of all, the two-legged carnivores. We trust this man will be encouraged to continue in his work, so that parents may take their children to the Zoo and let them behold something more uplifting than the savage struggles which they read about in the paper.

★ ★ ★

As for the possibility of subversive influence among the monkeys and the peacocks, we think it is somewhat remote. The beasts of the field are not much given to ideologies, and we doubt if any of them have more than a passing interest in the New Disorder. They are chiefly interested in love and grub, and devote their lives to the pursuit of these admirable objectives. If only mankind followed their example, the world would doubtless be in better shape than it is right now.

One Man's Opinion

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Good King Wenceslas was very proud of the trees in front of his castle. So he was naturally distressed when he looked out one snowy night and saw a peasant chopping one of them down. Buzzing for his secretary, he asked: "Who's that Joe in the snow—I mean, that jerk in the murk?" The secretary peered through the window. "Say, I know that guy: he lives away out to hell and gone: right in the bush, almost." The king frowned. "Well, if he lives near the bush, why does he have to trek all the way over here and chop down *my* trees? I can't understand what's come over the peasantry lately."

★ ★ ★

"He's a very poor man, Your Majesty," said the secretary, mildly. "Besides, it's Christmas and all that sort of thing. Haven't you heard the carols on the radio?" The king nodded. "I suppose," he said, "people like me really ought to do something for the poor. They tell me there are thousands of families this Christmas who haven't got a drop of liquor in the house. That's the kind of thing which leads to discontent among the lower classes." Wenceslas thought for a while, then he smacked the desk and got up. "Send a servant out to chase that yahoo away. Tell him to go on home: if it's Christmas he wants, we'll give it to him. Fill up the back of the car with meat, and throw in some Canmore briquettes. And by the way, how's your permit this month?" The secretary blushed. "Well, frankly, Your Majesty, I'm all washed up for December. But one of the scullery maids was saying the other day that her grandmother hadn't got a permit — they were all laughing about it. I think I could do something in that direction. I'll take the old lady over to the vendor's and tell her what to do when she gets there." "That's fine," said the king. "But don't let them sell her any of that lousy rye they're putting on the shelves this Christmas. You know the stuff I mean: Lost Vitality, they call it. Ugh! They tell me it's made by straining furniture polish through a Serbian shepherd's winter woollies. Good King Boris spilled some on his breastplate last week: burned a hole right through it as big as your fist. Wicked King Stanislaus—you know what an inhuman fiend *he* is—well, he's using it in his torture chamber: instead of putting infidels on the rack, or pulling their fingernails out with red-hot pincers, he makes them drink Lost Vitality rye. Their screams of agony can be heard ten miles away. Stanislaus says that since he introduced the new torture, there's been a heartening decline in all forms of heresy."

JINGLE, BELLS: JINGLE, BELLS

★ ★ ★

When the secretary came back with the bottle, he and Wenceslas got in the car and drove off towards the peasant's house. "The snowplows don't seem to be on the job," grumbled the king, as they bumped along through the drifts. "See that the Minister of Public Works is executed tomorrow." The secretary made a note of it, and they drove on. But it wasn't long before the car was hopelessly stuck. King and secretary climbed out. They shovelled snow, they put chains on the wheels, they pulled and pushed—but to no avail. The secretary began shivering and blowing his nose. "You know what?" said the king. "A man of my reputation deserves a better break than this. Everybody calls me Good King Wenceslas. But what's the use of being a good king if you can't get your car out of a snowdrift? Particularly on an errand of mercy. I was going to have the court musician write a carol about this, but I don't see how he can write a carol about it if we both freeze to death." No sooner had the king finished speaking than a warm wind began to blow from the west. The snow melted away, and in a short time the road was clear. "That's what I call getting quick results," said the secretary. "That's what I call the reward of virtue," said the king. They drove up into the hills.

★ ★ ★

"This must be the place," said Wenceslas, pulling up before a shack with a long line of diapers out front. "Get out the meat and briquettes and take them in. I'll carry the crock." As they entered the house, the man bowed, the woman curtsied, and the children howled with glee. "Chee, Paw, lookit all the grub!" cried the oldest boy, while a little girl asked in bell-like tones: "Maw, who's the dopey old guy with the whiskers?" Soon a great fire was roaring in the stove, while the aroma of roasting venison came from the oven. "How about a snort?" said the king, opening the crock. "No, thank you, Your Majesty," said the peasant. "You see, I . . ." He hesitated. "Speak up, chum," said the king. "Don't be frightened." The peasant swallowed nervously. "Well, Your Majesty, it's this way. I've got a keg of applejack down in the cellar: pre-war stuff, if you know what I mean. I've been saving it up for a special occasion." Wenceslas laughed heartily. His secretary laughed. The peasant laughed, and so did his wife, and so did all their children. "Well," said the king, "What are we waiting for? This is a special occasion, isn't it?" As the peasant hastened downstairs, the king leaned over to his secretary and remarked: "See—that's what I've always told you. If big shots like us do right by the poor, we'll get rewarded ourselves in some way or another. Make a note of that: I'll have the court musician stick it in his carol. And put that crock back in the car. We're going to need it in January."

Mild on the Prairies

It is true that the weather out here does become a trifle nippy now and then, but it's that dry, invigorating cold you really don't feel. Why, 40 below with a north wind is just a tonic. But so far this winter the weather has been almost enervating, causing the tough oldtimers to shake their heads and mutter that the West will get soft if this keeps up. It's been on the dry side, too, which is a reminder to give the dahlias another watering tonight.

—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix

School Costs Cut

Ottawa will benefit to the extent of a 30 per cent reduction in school taxes as a result of the Ontario government's new arrangement for meeting the cost of education. Many people had expected a 50 per cent reduction, but as Premier Drew explained, the government has assumed 50 per cent of the overall cost of education in the province, but not 50 per cent of the cost to all municipalities.

—Ottawa Citizen

Strangers In Our Midst: How Not To Make Friends

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

The Doukhobors in Alberta are defying the government in the matter of war service. Not only do they refuse to put on uniform, but they also refuse to do alternative work service. They are getting away with it, not because of any weakness among the officials of the War Services department here in Alberta, but because Ottawa doesn't know what to do about the Canadian Doukhobors as a whole.

This is the twelfth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta; Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the last article on Doukhobors. Tomorrow's article will discuss proposed solutions for the problem which these pacifist sects present.

As yet, the Dominion government hasn't decided on a policy for the Doukhobors. The young men who should be doing their compulsory work service are thumbing their noses at the authorities. Most of them simply refuse to see a doctor for medical examination, let alone show up for service. Some are trekking away from Saskatchewan and Alberta to the Doukhobor stronghold around Brilliant, B.C., where, I suppose, they feel relatively immune from the heavy hand of the War Service department.

Others are happily engaged in making nice wages at jobs left vacant by men who joined up for $1.30 a day. Some are said to be in mines of the Crow's Nest Pass, where there is plenty of work and plenty of money. Some have railway jobs. I inquired both at Arrowwood and at Cowley, but could find no record of any Doukhobor joining up, either for voluntary or compulsory service.

ALL REGISTERED

I asked various Doukhobors why they were holding out against the compulsory work service which the Hutterites and Mennonites had accepted. They said they objected to it, because it was under semi-military direction. "Well, then" I said, "what kind of service would you be willing to do?" They answered that if the government gave them a stretch of road to fix somewhere, in their own way and without government officials over them, they would do it. But they put forward the proposition in a very lackadaisical way, and I doubt if the government can get any co-operation from Doukhobors in the matter of wartime service, regardless of how they deal with them.

(Conversation with Doukhobor at Cowley: "What would you do if Hitler came here and started beating up your wife and kids?" "Nothing: it's the Lord's will.")

The Doukhobors all registered, under some protest, in the national registration of 1940. Many of them attached a little form to their registration slips, pointing out that under the agreement of 1899 with the Dominion government, they were conscientious objectors and exempt from military service. The registration was conducted by Doukhobors themselves: these registrars, according to report, made a little money by charging 50 cents or $1 per head for registering their fellow Doukhobors.

The Doukhobor attitude towards national service ties in with their whole approach to national and community affairs, which is thoroughly unsatisfactory.

They co-operate very little with their communities. They do not do any Red Cross work, so far as I can learn, and their donations to wartime funds are few and far between—with some honorable execptions. Yet they are very anxious to get relief of one kind and another—demanding it, in many cases, rather than asking for it. During the depression years, Doukhobors ran up medical and other relief to a total of thousands of dollars, without the slightest gesture of paying back.

DEMANDED RELIEF

Other farmers went on relief, too, but the arrogant demands of the Doukhobors were annoying to municipal authorities. In several cases, Doukhobor applicants for relief were discovered to have large quantities of food on hand. One man had 1,100 pounds of flour: another, 3,200 bushels of grain. They just couldn't resist the temptation to try to get something for nothing.

The Alberta Doukhobors (unlike the B.C. Sons of Freedom) admit the responsibility of paying taxes, but getting the taxes out of them is like drawing teeth. It takes endless worrying and argument to get any kind of a payment out of the average Doukhobor.

The came thing applies to money loans. A bank manager says: "They come in for a loan, and they say they'll do anything if only you'll give them the money. Then just try and get it back. I have had nearly every nationality in the world to deal with in the banking business, and the Doukhobors are the worst of the lot."

Storekeepers and others who have dealings with the Doukhobors reiterate this complaint. "They're too quarrelsome — they haggle over everything—I can't do business with them.—"

A war service committee went out to get a donation from a well-to-do Doukhobor. He refused a donation, but took them out to a granary with bins full of grain. "Take what you want," he said. They asked if he would help them sack it up. He refused. This Doukhobor was not willing to give: he merely was willing to let his produce be taken from him.

Notes from a hotel-keeper: "If they can snitch some beer or borrow $2, they'll do it. Some came in here after midnight. They were from Saskatchewan. Because it was past 12, they wanted a room for the rest of the night for half price."

STICK TO RUSSIAN

The behavior of the Doukhobors with regard to vital statistics is very unsatisfactory. They comply with the registration laws regarding births and deaths in a sloppy, half-hearted way which is entirely unsatisfactory to the provincial government. They perform their own marriages, which are technically illegal so far as the authorities are concerned.

As a result, Doukhobors can commit bigamy and get away with it. In fairness to them. I should say that few do this, but some have. For example, there was one Doukhobor who married a Doukhobor girl in the ceremony of the sect. He got tired of her, deserted her and married a Canadian woman according to Canadian law. The Canadian marriage was perfectly legal, the Doukhobor marriage was not, so nothing could be done to this man.

The adult Doukhobors stick to the Russian language, and try to keep it alive among the children. Most of the adults can make themselves understood in English, but when tax collectors and creditors come around, they just don't speak anything but Russian. The children don't show much inclination towards Russian, but the older people make them learn it, either by special classes, or by instruction in the home.

(Conversation with businessman at Pincher Creek: "I went to the house looking for this Doukhobor, and I saw his sister-in-law. I asked her where her brother-in-law was, and she shrugged her shoulders: 'No speak English.' When I went around the side of the house, her kid started to cry and I heard her yell at it: 'Shut up, or I'll bat your ears off!' ").

HARD ON GIRLS

In the matter of schooling, the Doukhobors show a decided preference towards the boys. Doukhobor girls rarely, if ever, are allowed far in school. They are looked upon as a sort of domestic animal, to be given as little education as possible, and to be put to work as soon as possible in the kitchen and the potato patch.

The boys fare a little better. Some go on to high school, and several have gone through Normal. (In Saskatchewan, where the Doukhobors are breaking away very fast, some boys and girls have had brilliant university careers.) But in general, neither the Doukhobor boys nor the girls get as good an opportunity, educationally, as their Canadian contemporaries.

Here are some comments on Doukhobor children from an Alberta teacher:

"In thought and mentality, these children show little variation from Canadians. As customary with a large percentage of foreign children, they encounter difficulty with English. Throughout their compositions, written and oral, I often find clumsy expressions—definitely foreign. Two former children from this district are now teaching school in Alberta. Another is a stenographer in Calgary. Still another is making plans to train as a nurse.

"Their morals I don't think are any too praiseworthy. I attribute this to the lack of home training in designating right from wrong. They seem to command a working vocabulary of good English cuss words. The young beginners at school don't seem to realize they are doing wrong when they swear. Again, they are not overly anxious to admit a wrong-doing or misdeed. However, there are exceptions—a few truly honorable children.

"I have every reason to believe their ways will change under sympathetic guidance and good environment."

I agree thoroughly with the last paragraph of this teacher's letter. But how is the environment of these children going to be changed? How can they be surrounded 24 hours a day—not just eight—with the free atmosphere of Canadian life?

KNOCK HIM OFF THAT SPRINGBOARD
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

World News In Brief

London — After 33 months of war the people of Britain are fighting fit. The most bothersome thing is just the common cold. The health ministry reports the country is entering the third summer at war with a cleaner bill of health than it had in the summer of 1939 just before the war started. Said one source: "The ministry is pleased with the public. It is becoming health-conscious. Everyone is trying to keep as well as possible."

◇ ◇ ◇

Broome, Australia—The town of Broome is being swept clean. A beachcomber found a buried parcel containing jewels valued at more than a quarter million dollars. Another package has been uncovered with a perfect set of rose-colored diamonds inside. The jewels were being brought to Australia from Java when the Dutch plane carrying them was shot down by the Japanese. Another large package of jewels and a sea chest full of treasure are believed buried in the sandy beach of Broome.

◇ ◇ ◇

Washington—All the natives and the fe wwhite residents have been evacuated from the Western Aleutian Islands, where army airmen have been playing cat and mouse with the Japanese whenever weather permits, and from the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea north of Dutch Harbor.

◇ ◇ ◇

Pittsburgh—No more novelties or souvenirs will be sold at the U.S. army war show, officials announced after it was discovered many of them bore "made in Japan" labels.

◇ ◇ ◇

Chicago — Al Capone, former Chicago gang leader, and seven others have settled a government suit for collection of $119,367 in beer taxes for $30,000, it was announced by Austin Hall, assistant United States attorney in charge of civil litigation.

◇ ◇ ◇

Vichy—The Vichy government announces the formation of a new "private" army. Called the Tricolor Legion, the new army will be equipped to fight on any front at home or abroad.

◇ ◇ ◇

Chungking—Gen. Chiang Kai-shek marked the start of a sixth year of war with Japan Monday with a broadcast in which he declared that "by the end of this winter Japan's strength will be only one-tenth of that of the Allies." He thanked the United Nations for their unfailing concern and collaboration and declared that Japan, plunging deeper and deeper into the morass of Chinese-resistance, "now is beyond recovery."

◇ ◇ ◇

Mexico City — Reliable police sources said today that Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, the German-American Bund leader who was arrested and returned to the United States over the weekend to face an espionage charge, told them he had planned to escape to the Azores Islands.

◇ ◇ ◇

Washington — State Secretary Cordell Hull has appealed for "much more severe" rationing and control of oil supplies in the western hemisphere areas dependent on tanker shipment. He warned that the shortage of tankers is rapidly becoming more acute.

GETS APPOINTMENT

OTTAWA, July 7 (CP)—Appointment of Col. A. J. Everett of Toronto, formerly director of mobilization and recruiting at national defence headquarters, as colonel in charge of administration at Atlantic Command headquarters in Halifax was announced by Defence Minister Ralston.

LIMIT FOR RAYON

OTTAWA, July 7 (CP)—The Wartime Prices and Trade Board announced that printed rayon fabrics for the 1943 spring season may be produced in not more than 75 per cent of the number of patterns used by any manufacturer for the spring season of 1942. The cut is ordered by S. G. Dixon, administrator of rayon for the board.

in Banff

Mrs. P. G. Russell

G. Russell are seen above as they , following their wedding which on T. H. Montgomery officiated. Miss Joyce Thomason, daughter of nd Flight Sergeant Russell is the ll.

returned to his station at Rivers, n the city.

ay Ingenuity k Entries

it had been done with the finest brush.

An unusual tray in batik work depicted a deep sea scene, with all manner of creatures in a green-blue background.

Belonging to Mrs. Saunders, 213 11th Ave. W., and made entirely by hand, a dress which had belonged to Queen Mary was attracting a lot of attention. Mrs. Saunders got the dress from the household of Anthony Eden's mother.

It was royal blue, in the softest imaginable wool, the lapels of the long jacket and its cuffs being embroidered in darker blue silk. The sleeves of the dress beneath the jacket were of georgette, and were lined with satin and embroidered. Hand-made lace was used effectively at the neckline. It must have taken months to make.

Will Entertain American Consul

Mr. A. W. Klieforth, American consul general from Winnipeg and Mrs. Klieforth will be guests of honor on Wednesday when members of the American Woman's club will entertain at a reception at the club rooms from 9 until 11 o'clock. Mrs. F. M. Motter, president of the American Woman's club, and Mrs. C. W. Allen will receive the guests.

During the evening Mrs. W. F. McNeill, Mrs. A. J. Hilliker, Mrs. R. H. Beaver and Mrs. E. T. Critchley will preside at the coffee urns. Mrs. Selby Walker and Mrs. B. M. Smith will invite the guests into the tea room.

Mrs. R. F. Lawrence, Mrs. Larry Oughton, Miss Mildred Bossard, Mrs. J. B. Oughton, Mrs. I. H. Brodie, Mrs. G. E. Edworthy, Mrs. J. R. Henderson, and Mrs. J. W. Wilkes will assist with the serving.

Mrs. Frank Gayner will sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

This reception is for members of the organization and their husbands.

ork Enhanced Touch

Jessie Church. The children had made everything from pot holders to afghans, and there were several beautifully made dolls—a particularly attractive one had long golden woolen hair, and was frocked in tourquoise silk. Lest she look a little too glamorous for war-troubled England, however, her maker had added to her ensemble a white apron.

RED CROSS BOOTH

Parcels which prisoners of war receive every eight or ten days from the Red Cross were on display as were books which can be purchased and sent to the camps.

Bandages, surgeon's gown, ice bag covers, warm dressing gowns for the patients, and comfortable slippers, surrounded a cot bed centring the display of supplies in connection with A.R.P. work.

SUPERFLUITY SHOP

Gloves, embroidered serviettes, bath salts and bath oil—there was an interesting mixture on the table representing the Red Cross Superfluity Shop, which receives "white elephants" from Calgary homes and sells them in aid of Red Cross work.

Quilts and afghans made for the comfort of air raid victims lined the walls of the booth.

Stampede Visitors See Indian Craft In The Making

A much deeper appreciation of the resplendent costumes worn by the Indians in the stampede parade on Monday morning was born in a number of visitors to the exhibition grounds in the afternoon when they stood about in a fascinated group watching the designs created, bead by bead.

The women's exhibits this year are all in the Bessborough building, where a special booth had been set up for the demonstration of Indian handicrafts by three women from the Blackfoot tribe on the Gleichen reserve.

Testimony to their skill, soft white deer skin jackets, elaborately beaded; gauntlets, moccasins and shirts; beaded belts and headdresses, lined the walls.

An instrument with a metal blade and an elk horn handle, they explained, was used to scrape the meat from a hide. It is then dried, and the hair removed with a similar instrument. Patient and skilful twisting, rolling and rubbing produces the chamois-soft leather.

Typical Indian designs are in conventional pattern.

"The flowers which you see on some of the jackets we learned from the white man," one of the women explained.

Work by the Salish Indians comprised another interesting exhibit loaned by the British Columbia provincial museum at Victoria.

Modern designers have made hats out of everything from spools of thread to gramophone records, but none of them has thought of cedar roots and bark! The Salish Indians had made such a hat—quite wearable too, with conventional patterns in rose, green and black on a brown background. There were weird masks too, and figures resembling those carved onto totem poles.

Baskets they had made in every possible design and for every u[se] —including the cradling of a papoose. Woven of grasses and reeds, these baskets have restrained patterns, in muted tones, and are finished with a varnish that makes them look very effective.

Unique too, was a blanket, with orange, black and red designs on a grey-beige background, which had been made from dog's hair. These dogs, now almost extinct, it was explained, are sheared like sheep, and their hair woven like wool.

Culinary Exhibits At Fair Show Practical Trend

Angel cakes there were that looked as if they would float away if one breathed too deeply, and pie crusts that made exhibition visitors press their noses hungrily against the panes of the glassed-in booth.

But in general the tendency in the culinary department of the women's entries in the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede this year is toward the practical. Less fancy cakes. More plain buns.

Competition was particularly keen, and those entries, many of them quite excellent, which were not awarded prizes are being distributed among the needy.

Cakes, jellies, jams, pickles, bread and buns and school lunches were all displayed in tempting array in the booth in the Bessborough building.

One jar of pickles shown had been put up in 1915, and as a bystander remarked, had "cloves, just like mother used to use".

The whist drive usually held on Wednesday by the 26th Sons of England Scout Troop Association, has been cancelled this week.

Forces Widely At Opening C

With members of the various air schools granted a holiday for the occasion, air force uniforms predominated among the huge crowd which watched the races and the rodeo events on the opening day of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. Uniforms of the navy and army were also generously scattered among the bystanders who wildly cheered the cowboys.

A few of those noticed during the afternoon were:

Air Commodore George H. Howsam, M.C., Group Captain Douglas Iron, O.B.E., Group Captain C. H. Flinn, Wing Commander and Mrs. R. Noel Smith, Captain William Orobko, Captain Paul Hervieux, Dr. Stanley Hodgson, Mrs. Kenneth M. Leach, Flying Officer Philip Blurton, D.F.C., Squadron Leader J. C. L. Newton, Flight Lieut. and Mrs. Robin Rendle.

Wing Commander Gordon Chalk, Flight Lieut. G. A. P. Brickenden, Mrs. Jock McKinlay-Key, Dr. J. O. G. Sanderson, Flying Officer and Mrs. Kenneth Wales, Flying Officer Reginald Cave, Flying Officer Alex. Dees, Wing Commander F. P. Halliday, D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C.

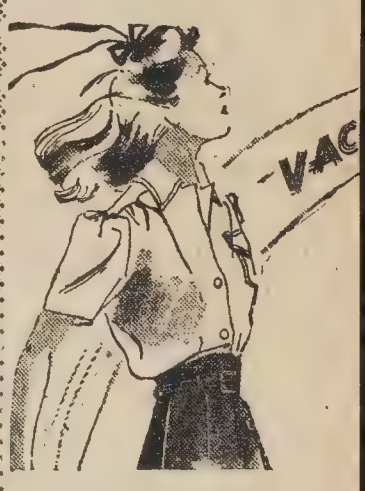
Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. McMahon, Mrs. Alec Ballachey, Miss Barbara Toole, Mrs. W. D. C. Mackenzie, Mr. M. M. Newell, Miss Doreen Clapperton, Mr. and Mrs. John McKay, Turner Valley, Mr

Mary Beaton Becomes Signal Dispatcher

Miss Mary Beaton of Victoria second eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Benton of Delia, has obtained a position in the Navy Signal Dispatchers' office in Victoria

SPECIALS on
For STAMPEDE
New Feather Cut and the La
We give a soft natural curl wh own. Shampoo, haircut and a hair signed for you included.
Reg. $3.50—Now _____
Reg. $4.25—Now _____
Reg. $5.50—Now _____
MODEL BEA
Phone M4456 —::—

You Win



See These Ideal Holiday Specials at
THE **jane**
DRESS
Phone M4576 R

I'M RID OF THAT HATEFUL GREASE, FOR GOOD!

Just POP your dishes into Rinso suds—they'll come

A LEVER PRODUCT

IT'S a thrill to find how *fast* y new Rinso way. They're cle greasy smears—no nasty dishpa

All you do is pop your china, Rinso suds and they'll come o fine bright polish. Rinso saves —and it's easy on your hand gentle, safe—help to keep hand

RINSO DISSO

Strangers In Our Midst: How Not To Make Friends

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

The Hutterites may be very good at farming and religion, and they are good in business affairs, too, but they have a lot to learn when it comes to public relations—the job of getting along with the "outsiders" who live around them. I have visited five Alberta communities which have Hutterites living nearby, and I have found a great deal of hard feeling towards the Hutterites. Some of this can be discounted as being based on jealousy and narrowness and excitement, but I found a lot of liberal, thoughtful and tolerant people who are annoyed at the Hutterites.

This is the seventh of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the third article on Hutterites. Thursday's article will deal with the Hutterite attitude towards health and assimilation.

For example, here is one Hutterite incident of which I was able to obtain proof. A Victory Loan committee went out this spring to see one of the wealthiest Hutterite communities in Alberta, and asked them to buy a $5,000 bond of the "pacifist" type specially issued by the government.

The Hutterites offered $1,000. The committee held out. The Hutterites then raised their offer to $2,000. The committee pointed out that the community could easily afford $5,000. Finally, after much talking back and forth, the sum of $3,000 was agreed on, and the Hutterites bought a bond of that value.

They didn't keep it long. In a few weeks time, the Hutterites had turned in the bond as part payment on a routine commercial transaction.

It is in such matters as these that the Hutterites manage to make themselves unpopular. They treat the outside world with such distrust that they annoy even those people who respect their religious beliefs and want to give the Hutterites a square deal.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

When committees set out to get a donation from the Hutterites, they can usually expect an argument. In addition, the Hutterites seem to have a deep personal obsession about the possibility of their money being used for war purposes. Yet a $500 cash donation to the Red Cross is not to be sneezed at, and such donations have been made by individual Hutterite colonies during the present war.

It is said in some districts that the Hutterites could afford to give more than they do, but I suppose the same thing applies to plenty of non-Hutterites, too. By and large, Hutterite contributions in money for the war effort could probably be described as sometimes poor, sometimes middling, never enthusiastic.

There is a sort of canniness among the Hutterites which gets on the nerves of outsiders. One war work group in the sugar-beet country was gathering donations for a worthy cause, and a lady member asked a Hutterite leader if his colony would contribute a bag of flour. He refused. This peeved the lady vastly, because the Hutterite leader always uses her phone when he is in town, and she is always glad to let him do so.

A storekeeper says: "They're awful chisellers. They always want to beat you down on your price, and they always want to get something for nothing." (Old boxes, remnants and so on.)

BAD FOR MERCHANTS

Sometimes, the Hutterites are a shade too smart. One Hutterite went into a Pincher Creek store, to buy prunes. When he asked how much they were in quantity, the storekeeper said, "They're $2.35 a box." The Hutterite took two boxes, and put down a $5 bill. "That's all I'll pay! Not a nickel more!" The storekeeper took the money, and the Hutterite dashed out with his "bargain."

The Hutterite colonies do as little retail business as they possibly can. They prefer to buy wholesale, and get a reduction in price. A typical Hutterite community of 100 persons will buy over two tons of sugar in a year, and 1,600 pounds of coffee. Their abundant capital enables them to buy in huge quantities like this from the Calgary and Lethbridge wholesalers.

A small-town grocer told me: "This Hutterite bunch out here bought 700 pounds of coffee in Calgary one time. They got it for seven or eight cents cheaper than I could have got it myself." He was very bitter on the subject of the Hutterites, saying "They're no use to the community." I heard the same remark made many, many times in small towns near Hutterite colonies.

GOOD ON DEBTS

Yet it must be admitted that they are models of perfection when it comes to paying bills and taxes. A man who does business with the Hutterites will never need to worry about collections. He will get his money on the line, without fail and without argument. That is why a disgruntled farmer will often say: "I can't get money out of the bank, but all those Hutterites have to do is to step in and ask for it!"

(Here is the actual story of a Hutterite land deal during the twenties. They bought 5,000 acres at $42 an acre: a total of $210,000. They made a $75,000 down payment. In six years, the balance was all paid off. Is it any wonder that big ranchers willingly sell out to Hutterites?)

Outside of bills and taxes and donations, the Hutterites co-operate very poorly with the community where they live. Only in the field of education do they show a real interest in community matters, and there, their interest is of such a nature that the school authorities would much rather do without it. (We shall discuss this educational tug-of-war in later articles.)

The Hutterites are not, however, surly or hostile. They greet you with hospitality, ask you to have a glass of their weak rhubarb wine, ask you to stay for dinner, and talk to you freely about their work and their religion. If you do them a good turn, you may expect a goose at Christmas. But how much of this is genuine friendliness and how much of it is more or less defensive strategy, I do not know.

NOT PRO-NAZIS

The Hutterite attitude on the war is one of the strictest detachment. It is often claimed that they are pro-Nazi, but there seems to be no real ground for this. Legion officials say that no actual evidence of pro-Nazism has ever been uncovered in the Hutterite colonies. During this war, an official of the Department of Education from Edmonton seized and examined the German-language schoolbooks which the Hutterites use. He found them to be purely religious in nature.

The trouble they have kicked up over the schoolhouse flag is often pointed to as an example of Hutterite disloyalty. This, however, is part of their extreme puritanism. Like the Jehovah's Witnesses, they feel that all of their loyalty should be saved up for God, leaving none at all over for the Union Jack, which they see merely as a symbol of one portion of the wicked outside world. ("Thou shalt not bow down . . .") They are averse to any flag, whether it is British, German or anything else. "Loyalty," as we understand it, is completely alien to them: they will have none of it.

"War is an awful pity," says an earnest Hutterite of the High River district. "There's so much destruction. War is no good: it just destroys everything."

But, for all of that, they would not view the arrival of Hitler with much equanimity. "We don't want Hitler," says this same Hutterite. "If he came here, we couldn't stay here. We'd just have to go."

ANSWER CALL

The Hutterites have given no special trouble to the War Services department. They all registered in 1940, and they have agreed to let their young men do alternative work service. Some efforts have been made to get exemption for boys because "they are needed on the farm", but the authorities laugh at this, because they know perfectly well that the Hutterite colonies have all kinds of help available.

On the whole, there is good feeling between the War Services people and the Hutterites. So far as I know, no Hutterites have joined up, though it is possible that some lads may have deserted from colonies and gone into the service. Certainly there are no practising Hutterites in uniform. The War Services people say that they answer the call-up satisfactorily, and reports of them from the labor camps have been good. Most or all of the young Hutterites are now on fire-watching duty in B.C.

The military exemption of the Hutterites naturally causes some hard feelings in the small towns. I heard many charges of "openly bragging about it," but I think these were second-hand rumors. The Hutterites are much too canny to do anything so rash as brag about their exemption, though it is possible that some of the younger men may have been foolish in this way.

The Hutterites do admit, however, that they will never accept military service, and I think they mean it. (Compare their attitude in South Dakota in 1917, which I mentioned in an earlier article.) If it came to an outright matter of service in uniform, they would pick up and leave Canada.

"If we took up arms," they say, "we would be undoing all we have done. We have lived the sacrificial life; if we went to war, we would be just the same as everybody else."

Hutterite children wear old-style clothing.

IF HE CAN GET IT

A sparrow eats more than five pounds of grain a year.

Strangers In Our Midst: The Rebels From Russia

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

The word "Doukhobor" means "spirit-wrestler" in the Russian language, but in the Canadian language it just means trouble, and plenty of it. There are about 1,000 Doukhobors in Alberta, and most of the people who have dealings with them think this is about 1,000 too many. At the present moment, Doukhobors are openly defying the War Services department by refusing to accept either military service or alternative work service, and they are getting away with it.

Hon. Joseph Thorson, the minister of national war services, admitted in the House the other day that he couldn't do anything about the Doukhobors. In war, as in peace they defy the govenment to interfere with them. They consider themselves to be a chosen people, having little truck or trade with governments of any kind.

There is nothing new about this. Over 100 years ago when Doukhobors were first becoming a niusance to the Russian authorities, the historian Novitzky said of them: "The distinguishing traits in their character are obstinacy in their doctrine, insubordination to the authorities, insults and slanders towards those who differ from them."

This is the tenth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta; Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the first article on Doukhobors. Monday's article will deal with the Doukhobor way of life.

EXPENSIVE ITEMS

Since the Doukhobors (8,000 of them) came to Canada 40 years ago they have lived up to Novitsky's description. It is difficult to see how they have done the country much good. They have certainly done it a great deal of harm. At a rough estimate, they have cost the country $10,000,000 since they came here. Much of this represents court and jail costs; the rest represents such things as relief, hospitalization, etc.

Generally speaking, the Doukhobors do not want to give anything to the community; but they want to take everything they possibly can from it. When the Alberta Doukhobors saw a prospect of $25 a month in 1935, they all rushed to vote in favor of Social Credit. But in 1940, when they thought casting votes might make them liable for war service, they stayed well away from the polls.

Considering the Doukhobors in relation to the Hutterite and Mennonite sects, you must always bear in mind that while the Hutterites and Mennonites are of Central European origin (Swiss, German, etc.), the Doukhobors are essentially Russian. They never were outside Russia till they came to Canada in 1899.

Their origins are obscure, but they apparently began as a peasant revolt against the Russian Orthodox Church. They opposed all church ceremony, all priests, all formal types of prayer. In addition, they resisted government in all its forms, refusing to do military service, and endeavoring to live in a state of complete isolation. They inclined towards vegetarianism and temperance in their living habits.

Their belief has been summed up in these words: "Inasmuch as all men are equal, and the children of God do willingly, without coercion, they do not require any government or authority over them. Government, if needed at all, is needed only for the wicked."

By and large, the Doukhobors in Alberta stick to this creed. They have compromised in some ways, as will be shown in later articles, but on the whole they retain their contempt for government in any form, and they most certainly are not trying to co-operate with Canada's war effort. They do not care about this country, or anything it stands for.

NO DULL MOMENTS

After a series of battles with the Russian government, the Doukhobors caught the attention of Count Leo Tolstoi, the great novelist, and various warm-hearted people in England and other countries. Funds were raised, and the Canadian government (then anxious to fill up the open spaces of the West) agreed to take them. They came in 1899.

Since then, there has never been a dull moment. Strikes, nude parades, school burning, defiance of one kind or another have brought the Doukhobors into the deepest illrepute. They have quarrelled endlessly with federal and provincial authorities, and they have quarrelled endlessly among themselves.

Their first Canadian leader, Peter Verigin, was killed in 1924 by an explosion of dynamite, planted by Doukhobors who wanted to get rid of him. This first Verigin was a religious dictator, who ruled the Doukhobors with a rod of iron. After his death, his son ("Peter the Younger") was released from exile by the Russian government and came to Canada.

Under the poor leadership of Peter the Younger, the Doukhobors began to break up. Graft became a commonplace. The leader himself spent time in jail for perjury, drunkenness, vagrancy and assault. He embezzled money from the wretched Doukhobors and spent it on cards, liquor and women till he died in Saskatoon three years ago.

COLONIES COLLAPSED

That explains why the Doukhobors are in a state of collapse. There is little or no leadership among them; they are running wild. The communal colony at Cowley has collapsed; the communal colony at Arrowwood is barely struggling along. The great majority of Alberta's 1,000 Doukhobors are now living on independent farms.

Broadly speaking, there are three kinds of Doukhobors; the independent farmers (Arrowwood and Cowley); the communal colony Doukhobors (Arrowwood); and the violent, rebellious Sons of Freedom, who are all in British Columbia. Alberta does not have to bother with the Sons of Freedom, which is just as well, and they have very little influence among the Doukhobors here.

When you talk to Doukhobors about their religious beliefs, they are rather evasive. They will talk about "brotherhood" and "the law of God," then shrug their shoulders, and trail dimly off into Russian.

Notes of conversations with Doukhobors at Cowley: "We can't kill anybody. . . Nothing good would come of it . . . We'd have to leave, if they forced us to . . ."

Conversation with M. L. Terichow, Doukhobor storekeeper at Arrowwood: "We believe in toil and the peaceful life. We are completely against the use of force. We should obey the law of God rather than the laws of men, A man cannot serve two masters."

I asked Mr. Terichow about the war. He replied: "We can't go taking sides for one or the other. We don't know which is the guilty party." Mr. Terichow said that the Doukhobors regarded the war as "God's will." He said: "We're praying for the best." I asked Mr. Terichow what he meant by "the best," and he explained that the Doukhobors were praying for the slaughter to come to an end.

SONS OF FREEDOM

Mr. Terichow explained to me that the Alberta Doukhobors are more or less willing to co-operate with the authorities in certain matters. They are willing to pay taxes and submit to certain fundamental laws regarding ownership, etc.

On the other hand, the Sons of Freedom, who have their stronghold around Brilliant, B.C., defy the law in every way. The Sons of Freedom think that they have a right to anything they want. "They believe God created land for the use of man; they don't believe any man has a right to sell or buy, or govern in any way, or take the land away from them that they think they need."

The Doukhobors are the product of their own history and temperament. Most of them are poor Slavs, ignorant of the world around them, contemptuous of culture, servile when they want a loan, arrogant when the time comes to return it, mild-mannered in the face of threats and abuse, yet willing to utter abuse and threats themselves when they think they can get away with it. They are fanatical peasants, not particularly dangerous, but tremendously annoying and expensive.

Yet there is a quality in the Doukhobor strain which you do not find in the Hutterites and Mennonites. There is a brightness about the children which might—if it could be salvaged—pay dividends. People who deal with Doukhobor children feel that they could very easily become useful, progressive Canadians, if only they could be detached from their Doukhobor surroundings.

If the Doukhobor influence could somehow be broken, this strain might strengthen and enrich Canadian life. It might even produce some geniuses, a Tchekov, a Tolstoi, a Tchaikovsky or even a Timoshenko.

Alarmed at Casual Concern Over Divorce

OTTAWA, July 4 (CP)—Rev. E. G. Hansell (N.D., Macleod), said yesterday in the House of Commons he is "alarmed at the way divorce is becoming the subject of meagre concern to this country and to parliament."

Mr. Hansell precipitated a debate on divorce when 75 divorce bills were before the House.

Stoning to death was the penalty for adultery under the Mosaic law, said Mr. Hansell.

"Of course," he added, "I am not recommending that. There would be a lot of dead men in Canada if that were so."

Strangers In Our Midst—Strength From Persecution

Behind the 7,000 Mennonites of Alberta is a history of 400 years' persecution; some real, some imaginary. For example, there is one Mennonite woman living in Southern Alberta who remembers the Soviet terror of 1923. The Soviets then were trying to break up the Mennonites in Southern Russia, and this woman, who was the daughter of a Mennonite preacher, recollects how they had to hide in cellars and basements from their attackers.

This is the second of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. The articles will appear each day in the Calgary Herald.

On the other hand, there is the imaginary persecution. That came in Manitoba after the last war, for instance, when the Mennonites were told they would have to accept Canadian schooling, and the German language was discouraged among them. Many of them left their snug homes, their prosperous farms, and migrated to Mexico rather than have their children "corrupted" by state education and the English language.

VIOLENCE TO NONE

The Mennonites are descendants of the followers of Menno Simons, a wandering Dutch preacher with a price on his head. Part of the great Protestant uprisings of 16th century Europe, they incurred the wrath of other religious bodies and government authorities, because of their fanatical zeal in clinging to their beliefs. Chief of these beliefs, and significant in Canada today, is that which reads:

"We should not provoke or do violence to any man . . . even when necessary, to flee for the Lord's sake from one country to another, and take patiently the spoiling of our goods, but to do violence to no man."

Badgered, persecuted and robbed, the Mennonites were always on the move. Some went to Pennsylvania, where they founded the legendary prosperity of the "Pennsylvania Dutch." Others who stayed in Europe found haven with the German noblemen, who liked the Mennonites' industry and integrity, and gave them such concessions as freedom from war service, and the right to their own schools and churches.

When the imperialistic Frederick the Great forced them out of Germany, they went to Southern Russia, where they prospered vastly, and met with little or no interference from the state, living contentedly under their own form of clerical government. But 100 years later, in 1870, the Tsar sought to Russianize all his people, and once again the Mennonites were on the move.

At this time, a number of them emigrated to Western Canada, much to the pleasure of the government of that day, which was interested in filling up the vast open spaces at any price, and any concession. The Mennonites moved on the understanding that they would have freedom from military service.

But they were not the first Mennonites in Canada. Around 1800 there had been a big migration of Mennonites from Pennsylvania to Western Ontario. And they were not the last, for shortly after the Russian Revolution, the Canadian Pacific Railway brought a large settlement of Mennonites to Coaldale, in the Lethbridge irrigation district. So the Mennonites of Alberta can trace, among them, a varied history, and it is important to bear in mind that the great majority of them were born on Canadian soil.

HIGHLY RELIGIOUS

The Mennonites are a strictly pacifist, highly religious sect, not unlike the Quakers, or the Puritans of early American days. Their general approach to morality and "worldliness" might be compared with that of the Ontario Methodists a generation or so ago.

A Calgarian who has lived among the Coaldale Mennonites says: "They are an earnest, kindly, self-respecting, God-fearing people who really practice what they preach. "But, he adds, "their narrowness, their desire to maintain their moral and spiritual purity seems to us intolerable."

They have multiplied into many sects of their own, but they may roughly be divided up as "conservative" and "liberal." The conservative group, which seems to be a minority among the Alberta Mennonites, places stress on the German language as an indispensable part of their religion. The married men wear beards, the women dress in dark, homely clothes, and wear the bonnet. They look upon such "worldly" things as dancing, radio, movies, smoking, drunkenness and modern dress with mingled horror and suspicion. They go to long church services, "not for ease and comfort, but to do penance for our sins."

The liberal Mennonites are more inclined to accept their surroundings with a good grace. They try to keep themselves clear of worldly contamination, but they do not make a fetish of it, and in many parts of Alberta, the liberal Mennonites are indistinguishable in mannerisms and appearance from ordinary Canadians. They are speedily breaking away from the use of German.

STILL A PACIFIST

Yet the deep-lying religious ardor is present in both conservative and liberal Mennonites. "They're very strict and steadfast," says a Didsbury high school girl of her Mennonite schoolmates. And it is still said of the Mennonites, both liberal and conservative, that "even the children pray fluently." Fire and brimstone play a prominent part in the Mennonite faith.

By and large, the Mennonites obey the law, stay out of debt, utter no oath, practice humility and avoid display. Most powerful of all the factors which control a Mennonite's behavior, perhaps, is the disapproval of his fellows. Among the conservative Mennonites, "the ban" is still a powerful weapon, and even among the liberal Mennonites this form of social ostracism is not unknown. A Mennonite who transgresses may well expect silence and cold reproach, not only from other Mennonites, but even from his own wife and family. As a method of social control, "the ban" is highly effective.

Pacifism, of course, is still a deeply-seated part of every Mennonite's faith. He may have become liberalized in many ways, he may have a big car, magazines in his home, and a modern radio, but that doesn't mean he has "gone Canadian." Even though his own sons have voluntarily enlisted, he may still be a convinced pacifist, a convinced Mennonite, ready to suffer again in the name of his belief.

Interfere with his pacifism, tell him he will be forced to bear arms, try to take his religion from him, and he will do what the Mennonites have done before, and are willing to do again: pick up, pack up, and trek away to the ends of the earth.

Strangers In Our Midst: The Big Mennonite Barns

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

The Mennonites of Alberta are hard-working individual farmers, held together by their love of the land and their love of the church. Wherever you go in the Mennonite districts, you will see their great barns, their fine flower and vegetable gardens, their well-tended fields. As you talk to them and to their neighbors, you will see that their prosperity comes from a simple formula: Thrift, efficiency and never-ending work.

This is the third of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. The articles will appear each day in the Calgary Herald.

I went through a Mennonite barn near Didsbury, a magnificent place, completely dwarfing the shabby house behind which it stood. There was hot and cold running water, six-inch insulation, sliding ladders, concrete floors, mechanical milking, overhead chop mill, and enough space above, in the hay loft, to accommodate a small movie house.

It is said that the Mennonites care more about their barns than they do about their homes, and there may be some truth in it. The homes are tidy and well-kept, but rather dull and drab inside, more subdued and humble than the home of a well-to-do Canadian farmer.

The Mennonites do not like to be confused with the communal-living Hutterites. They are essentially individual farmers; the only thing they share in common is their respect for their history and religion, and their intense pride in their forebears. In this sense, they might be compared with French-Canadian farmers.

RAISE BIG FAMILIES

Like the French-Canadian farmers again, they delight in large families. A Swalwell Mennonite chuckled in his beard as he told me: "You put down one good thing we're doing: we're raising children, and lots of people don't do that any more." True enough. I recently read a report of Mennonites whom the C.N.R. transported, in 1940, from Saskatchewan to interior British Columbia. One family report started off as follows: "J. D. Siemens, 49; Wife, 48. Seven sons—17, 15, 13, 11, 6, 4, 3. Six daughters—21, 20, 19, 12, 9, 8." It is doubtful whether Marie Stopes would altogether approve of the Mennonites.

They love the land, and they are good to it. It is doubtful whether, from a viewpoint of pure hard-work farming, they could be bettered in Canada. They use modern machinery, build co-operative cheese factories, set up their sons on land of their own. The Mennonites whom the C.P.R. brought to the Coaldale irrigation district from Russia 20 years ago have done wonders. They succeeded where two previous "crops" of settlers had failed. "The place just seemed to blossom out overnight," says a man who saw it happen.

LITTLE ENTHUSIASM

Yet, to me, their lives seem rather drab. There is none of the brightness and vigor and imagination which we associate with progress in Western Canada; there is a heavy blanket of stern morality: ("I feel like a sinner smoking in this town," says a Didsbury businessman.) And there is the matter of community co-operation.

Here is where the Mennonites have quite a way to go. They do not join any farm organizations or other rural movements. Some of the women work hard and earnestly for the Red Cross; but they do not play an active role in its organization work, or show great interest in the movement as such. Their support of money drives in connection with the war effort (war services, Red Cross, etc.), while it is sometimes generous, often fair, lacks a spirit of enthusiasm.

The only phase of life where Mennonite co-operation is wholehearted is in the matter of education. In this, they sometimes surprise Canadians by their willingness to help, to co-operate, to do the best they can for the whole community. And sometimes they annoy Canadians, by their attitude toward such "worldly" things as dramatics and dancing.

CAUSE BAD FEELING

One teacher in a high school attended by Mennonite children found that some of the students wanted to learn to dance. So she arranged to have a dancing class in the basement Friday evenings. The Mennonites nipped that scheme in the bud.

At Coaldale, the Mennonites made some bad errors in the matter of community co-operation (errors which other Mennonite communities in Alberta today recognise as such). They got a majority on the school board, and rapidly installed Mennonite teachers and a Mennonite janitor. The other members of the community rose up in protest. Bad feeling developed. That is the sort of thing which leads some Canadians to say that Mennonite co-operation in school matters is part of a deliberate plan to "get control."

Yet this aloof, or semi-aloof, attitude does not appear in their casual behavior. I found them courteous, hospitable, with a certain sense of humor. They are pleased to have outsiders attend their big celebrations, or come into their church for worship. But they do not wish, themselves, to step out and mix with outsiders.

DOUR AND CLANNISH

It is this attitude which breeds some bad feeling. "They're too dour and clannish for their own good," says a businessman who has many dealings with them. "They haven't a broad, generous outlook." He sighed. "If they were only as good citizens as they are good Christians. . ."

I think he summed it up fairly well. They are not "good citizens" in the broad sense of the term. They bother themselves little with outside affairs, such as domestic issues and the war. Some vote, some don't. Such as vote in the provincial elections have a tendency to vote Social Credit. Some took part in the plebiscite: these registered a "No."

But, by and large, they are not strong on provincial or federal voting. The Swalwell Mennonite I talked to told me: "We don't vote, but we pray for the right kind of government."

Yet there are admirable qualities of citizenship in them, qualities which are just as useful today as ever they were. There is no crime among them; no drunkenness; no cruelty. They settle their own disputes, rather than come into court. They are pretty strict about debt. (There is some back-sliding in this matter, though: I had no trouble collecting reports of Mennonites who had managed to get themselves in hot water financially). They rarely need to go on relief. They are fairly modern in matters of health and sanitation. And their use of the German language is becoming extinct.

But most of their qualities of citizenship are negative. In Canada today, the good citizen must do more than practise piety and moderation, and stay out of jail. He has to concern himself with the progress and welfare of all Canadians, and their protection from cruel, destructive enemies. It is in this sense that the Mennonites appear to fall short of their responsibilities.

State Purch Royalties I

By ALAN RANDAL
[Canadian Press Staff Writer]

LONDON, June 25—The British coal royalties is gone.

It was wiped out with the is ment compensation cheques in totalling £66,450,000 ($301,025,000). Henceforward the state owns coal royalties.

This step means the end of an era started in 1568. It is a major preliminary move in formation of a concrete government policy for administering the coal mining industry to the general benefit of miners and the war program at a time when Britain needs 10,000,000 more tons of coal annually than there is available.

In 1568 the English courts ruled in a case, Queen Elizabeth versus the Duke of Northumberland, that land-owners' rights extended to

Strangers In Our Midst: The Hutterites Stand Firm

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Those Canadians who think that Hutterites can be forced into military service would do well to consider what happened in South Dakota in 1917. Then, the American authorities tried to make the Hutterites put on uniform. The Hutterites refused. They were persecuted and ill-treated in a manner of which most Americans are now very much ashamed. Still they refused.

One Hutterite was lynched. But they would not put on uniform. Some of their boys died from torture in military camps. Still they refused. They were pulled from their wagons in the street and beaten up. Their livestock was driven away by mobs. And still they refused. It is said they were the only group of conscientious objectors in the States which stood their ground 100 per cent.

From what I saw of them, and heard about them in Alberta, and in view of their own history over the last 400 years, I think they would do the same thing again today. Their religious faith (which, like that of the Mennonites, opposes the use of force in any way) is so real and profound to them that they actually seem to thrive on persecution.

This is the fifth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. Today's article is the first on the Hutterites: their history and religious beliefs. Tomorrow's article will describe the Hutterite way of living.

THRIVE ON PERSECUTION

Like the Mennonites, the Hutterites had their beginnings in the great Protestant uprisings of 16th century Europe. Like the Mennonites, they were pursued and persecuted by the wrath of the authorities and the established churches.

One day in 1528, a group of these pious peasants were trudging along a road in Moravia, seeking some kind of refuge from torture, rape, and robbery. They agreed to share everything they had, so they placed a mantle on the ground, and every man put all his possessions therein. That was the beginning of the "Christian communism" which Alberta's 5,000 Hutterites still practise, deeply and sincerely, today.

When their first communal colony was established, at Austerlitz, a young hatter named Jacob Huter became their greatest leader and prophet. He organized a sweeping scheme of communal brotherhood for them, with strict rules and discipline, and automatic expulsion for the disobedient. Huter's blueprint has scarcely been changed through all the wanderings and vicissitudes of the Hutterites. Shortly after he had finished his organization work, he was burned at the stake in a fresh outbreak of persecution.

The Hutterite way of living gradually brought them the most amazing prosperity. They were the best-fed, most secure people in all Europe, if not all the world. But after a 100-year spell of relative peace and prosperity, the bloody turmoil of Europe engulfed them, and by 1760 they had almost been wiped out.

KNOW THEIR BIBLE

The remnants fled to Russia then, where they were relatively safe from oppression, but a century later, in 1870, the Russian government took away their exemption from military service. They then moved to the States, where, until the persecutions of 1917, they enjoyed peace and prosperity. Their flight to Alberta took place after the last war, and they have lived and prospered here since. Today, they have some 35 communities here, all of them in the southern and central part of the province.

The Hutterites are tremendous students of the Bible, where they find precept and justification for all their beliefs. If you ask why they are communists, they repeat to you from Acts 2:44-45: "And all who believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and divided them among all." If you ask why they keep themselves so aloof from the outside world, they recite another text: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be separate, saith the Lord." When you ask why there are no pictures on the wall, they explain: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . ."

The Hutterites think of themselves as an elect people, under God's protection. "We don't need to defend ourselves," says Peter Wortz, one of their leaders at Wilson Siding, near Lethbridge. "God is our defence." They are utterly non-resistant. That does not mean to say they would view the approach of Tojo or Hitler with equanimity. One day, shortly after the fall of France, a worried-looking Hutterite tackled a High River citizen on the street. "Tell me," he demanded, "will they be coming over here next?"

The Hutterite knows no law and no loyalty, save the law of God as he interprets it, and loyalty to his own beliefs. He will compromise to some extent in such worldly matters as national registration and compulsory work service, but with reluctance. If it comes to a question of outright military service, he will once again seek a new refuge.

DRAB AND SOLEMN

Their interpretation of non-resistance, meekness, humility, lack of display, and avoidance of sin, is the strictest you could imagine. An outsider, visiting their colonies, feels somehow a pall in the air, a grimness, an utter lack of joy. There is no sprightliness or imagination, save in the very youngest children. The Hutterites live in a drab, solemn world, where there is room for nothing but work and prayer.

There is no idleness among them. Indeed, work seems like to them like a form of worship. They say that "every cut of the hoe is as pleasing to God as a prayer if it is sincerely made in faith and Godly love." Their communist practice they see as an assurance of life in the hereafter: "It is not that we do not feel the temptation to work each for his own interest—every man must feel that temptation. But we cannot feel that we are following Jesus if we yield to it. We cannot see how we can look for life in Heaven if we think more of ourselves than of our brothers."

Certainly, they seem to have profited by their beliefs and practises. The Hutterites are probably the most economically secure group of people in this country, assured for all their lives of housing, clothing, food, medical care, and employment. Their wealth has been variously estimated at between $1,000 and $3,000 for every man, woman and child. They think of land purchase in terms of $100,000 and $200,000.

They freely admit: "God has been good to us." But is their peacefulness and prosperity the doing of God alone? Hasn't the tolerance of Canadian people had something to do with it, and the richness of the earth which the Canadian people share with them? Those are questions to which the Hutterites might well give their most thoughtful consideration.

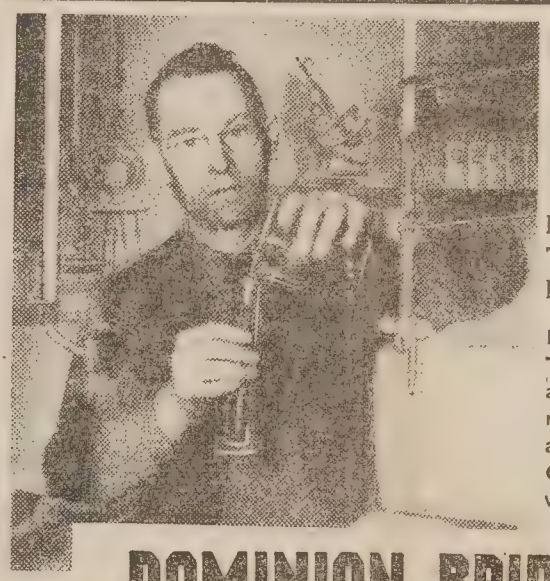
Has High Opinion Of Red Army Morale

MOSCOW, June 27 (CP) — A high opinion of the Red army under field conditions was expressed by Lt.-Col. Joseph A. Michaels, United States military attache newly-returned from a three-day trip to a muddy and temporarily quiet sector of the front (apparently the Leningrad zone).

"The lessons of the Red Army will be valuable to her Allies,"

HEINTZMAN

Style, "YORKE"
$595
OTHER MODELS
"NORDHEIMER"
$475 to $520
"HEINTZMAN"
$540 to $630
Your Old Piano will be accepted as part payment.
HEINTZMAN
AND COMPANY
Calgary :: Alberta



There is no substitute for EXPERIENCE

METALLURGIST, L. R. BRERTON PUTS TEST BARS FROM EVERY HEAT TO RIGID ANALYSIS IN HIS LABORATORY.

Mr. Lloyd R. Brerton, B.A.Sc., has a record of TWENTY-TWO YEARS service with our company, and for ELEVEN YEARS he has served as our metallurgist. In his 'lab, bars from every "heat" are tested and retested for constant uniformity of Chemical and physical structure to assure long wearing properties of all our castings.

Thus we have another example of how experienced key men watch over and maintain a high standard of efficiency and quality in all our products.

DOMINION BRIDGE COMPANY LIMITED
RIVERSIDE IRON WORKS LTD • CALGARY ALBERTA

Strangers In Our Midst: Mennonites In Uniform

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

This is the fourth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the last article on Mennonites. Tomorrow's article will deal with the history and religious beliefs of the Hutterites.

The Mennonites are not patriotic people, as we understand the word in 1942, but they are not subversive, either. It is true that they do not care very much to sing "God Save the King," but they agree in a broad, general way that he ought to be saved, and they are most certainly anxious that Hitler and other such people should be kept well away from Canadian shores. In that sense—though they would be the last people in the world to admit it—they are really allowing others to do their fighting for them.

Yet the Mennonites are really playing a much fuller part in the war than the isolationist Hutterites or the stubborn lawless Doukhobors. The people in charge of National War Services here in Alberta have been "agreeably surprised" at the response of Mennonite young men to the call of armed service. While the Mennonites have not, of course, joined up to anything like the extent of the ordinary Canadians, they have done quite a bit better than was expected. In one "liberal" Mennonite district, according to Army authorities, about half the eligible young men joined up. They could just as easily have taken alternative work service. The relationship between the Alberta Mennonites and the Department of National War Services appears to be cordial, with respect on either side. (Registration of Mennonites in the fall of 1940 was 100 per cent, and was carried out without trouble.)

FOUR SONS JOIN

One Mennonite family at Didsbury has four sons on active service. One of them, a gunner overseas, has written a poem called "A Soldier's Prayer." He sent it to The Didsbury Pioneer, and they recently printed it. No doubt it pleased some Mennonites, shocked others. During a recruiting drive at Lethbridge, a batch of young Mennonites came into town, to ask if they could take non-combatant service in uniform. When they were told that men in the army could not be "tagged" for non-combatant service, they went away disappointed, but two joined up anyway.

The majority of young Mennonites, of course, take alternative work service. They are now being largely used for fire-fighting duties in the forests of British Columbia: a work which will have a direct bearing on the war effort. if enemies should drop incendiaries there. Although I was told in some districts that few Mennonite young men have been called up, the War Service department says that they must all answer the call, and will all have to go and work or go and fight.

The Mennonite attitude towards the war effort is described by a Didsbury business man as "sympathy without enthusiasm." That is about correct. And in a way, I was rather sorry to notice that the Mennonite young men who have joined up do not gain thereby in the estimation of their fellows. I was talking to a Mennonite woman about the fact that several young Mennonites had joined the R.C.A.F. She said, in a cold, expressionless way: "Perhaps that kind of thing suits some people." Somewhat more human was the man whose two sons had joined up. He said: "I can't agree with them, but it's their life, and they're living it."

YOUTH BREAK AWAY

The fact that the Mennonite lads are joining up is symptomatic of the general break away of Mennonite youth. Says a Didsbury high school girl: "They see the planes overhead all the time, and first thing you know, they're talking about joining the R.C.A.F. as soon as they quit school."

There are other symptoms. Young Mennonite girls are looking at fashion pictures and movie magazines, sometimes openly, sometimes on the sly. Some of the boys slip into a picture show when they get the chance. Many of them read the funnies, know their Hollywood and can whistle a good version of "Deep in the Heart of Texas." The girls who go out to work as domestics in non-Mennonite communities learn to cut their hair, pluck their eyebrows, dress snappily, use nail polish.

But if these girls go back to the Mennonite district, they will once again wear dull, serviceable clothes, once again leave the matter of beautification up to Nature. For they do not dare to face the powerful social disapproval of their parents and the other Mennonites.

It is the same with the boys. While they may do many "worldly" things, they do them on the sly. While they may cherish hopes of flying a bomber, they don't talk about them. They do not want their parents to be shocked or mortified or tearful. They do not want to incur the wrath of the church. Home and church influence also curb any tendency to marry "outsiders."

ASSIMILATION?

It is probable that assimilation of Mennonites into the Canadian community as a whole would proceed more rapidly if it were not for the strength of the church and the general tendency of the young men and women to stay on the farm, and remain in Mennonite districts. While they are interested in education, and go to high school much like any other group of Canadian children, relatively few of them go "outside" afterwards. Some become teachers and nurses and doctors, but it may be safely stated that they do so chiefly for the purpose of teaching and nursing and healing other Mennonites. Trade and commerce have little or no appeal for them.

In that sense, the Mennonites are, as they sometimes say themselves, a "plain people." They stay with the simple things: the sunflower seeds they love to eat, the full cookie jars, the old genealogical volumes which tell them about their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, the stern sermons in church, the peaceful, industrious way of life which they have followed for generation after generation.

Canada has been good to them, and they admit it. But wars are times of stress, and as this war goes on, they may be the objects of some grumbling and resentment. The Mennonites can best meet this situation by showing a greater measure of co-operation and enthusiasm in community affairs. Not so much in the war, perhaps, if their religion forbids them, but certainly in general work of a charitable and philanthropic nature. To isolate themselves from war and force is their religion: they are allowed to do so in our tolerant democracy. But they are most unwise to try to isolate themselves too much from their Canadian neighbors.

To win the friendship and trust of "outsiders," the Mennonites must show more friendship and trust themselves. And they should bear in mind that the concessions they enjoy do not really come to them through some mystic arrangement with "the government": they come through the tolerance and generosity of the Canadian people themselves.

Across Canada

Toronto — Suburban Forest Hill's council has agreed to allow 20 Canadian-born Japanese women domestics to be brought from the Pacific coast under the auspices of the B.C. Security Commission.

◇ ◇ ◇

Edmonton — Wartime restrictions have resulted in cancellation of the Alberta section of the annual travel tour sponsored by the Pacific Northwest Tourist Association, with headquarters at Spokane.

◇ ◇ ◇

Dundalk, Ont.—Not to be done out of their holidays by gasoline rationing, two men from the state of New York are travelling on horseback and carrying all their camping equipment.

◇ ◇ ◇

Winnipeg—Premier John Bracken, Hon. S. S. Garson, provincial treasurer; Hon. D. L. Campbell, minister of agriculture, and representatives of the Manitoba Federation of Agriculture, the United Grain Growers and the Manitoba Union of Municipalities will attend the prairie farm debt conference opening at Saskatoon Monday.

◇ ◇ ◇

Winnipeg—Word has been received of the death in Santa Monica, Calif., of Edward Allan Field, formerly land commissioner for the C.N.R., western lines. Mr. Field, who was in his 66th year, had been ill for some months.

◇ ◇ ◇

Montreal—The director of wartime housing, Charles David, says that construction of 1,000 homes in Montreal is an immediate necessity. The houses are needed to accommodate homeless families. David points out that there is not a single vacant house in the city in Montreal.

◇ ◇ ◇

Toronto—The approach to peace must be begun during the war but before peace treaties are written time should be allowed for destructive forces to abate, for reflection and for orderly negotiation, delegates at Rotary International's 33rd annual convention were told by Hugh Gibson, former U.S. ambassador to Belgium and Brazil.

◇ ◇ ◇

Edmonton—Covering about 5 bus routes in Alberta, various bu companies have submitted volun tary plans providing for reductio of mileage for the consideration the provincial highway traff board.

Strangers In Our Midst: What Stops Assimilation?

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

There has never been any definite decision in Canada about the rights of religion as against the rights of the state. In some cases, the verdict has gone to religion: and in some cases, the verdict has gone to the state. The entire problem has bothered Canada for centuries, and it seems likely to bother this country for centuries yet to come. So what decision should we come to about assimiliation of Hutterites, Mennonites, and Doukhobors? Should we force them to give up their religious beliefs and practises? Or should we regard those beliefs and practises as sacred, unassailable?

Perhaps some sort of compromise is the only solution. In this case, the first thing you must do about these people is to cross off the adults. There is little or no likelihood that they will become Canadians, as we understand the meaning of the word. They will not give up their language and beliefs: they will not accept the common responsibilities of Canadian citizenship. Wipe them off: there is no hope there.

That leaves the children. Who gets the children? The answer is that, right now, the parents and the religious groups to which they belong are getting the children. They are getting them, and keeping them "un-Canadian" by means of group settlement and group pressure, by religion, and by language.

This is the fourteenth and last article of a series on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites and Doukhobors.

BREAK UP COLONIES

The Hutterite children are exposed to Canadian influence only for a few hours a day during school term. The rest of the time, they are corralled within the tight fence of Hutterite colony surroundings. Hutterite religious teaching is dinned into them every day of the year, in German. They hear more German than they do English. Under these circumstanes, there is little or no chance of assimilation.

What is the state going to do about that? The only thing they have done so far is to make the Hutterite children take Canadian schooling in English, under government supervision. But that won't turn the trick.

Another thing they have done is to forbid the Hutterites to start any new colonies during wartime. But that policy, if continued after the war, will only mean overcrowding in the present colonies. It won't turn a single Hutterite child into a Canadian.

The only speedy method by which the Hutterite children might be made into Canadians is by breaking up all the colonies, and by forbidding group settlement, and by discouraging the use of German. In that case, however, it seems likely that the Hutterites would leave Canada.

What it comes down to, with the Hutterites, is a straight question of staying or going. Either Canada must drive them away, or else Canada must accept them, as they are, and try in some way or another to speed up the present slow process of escape and assimilation. That will take a lot of time and trouble.

CLOAK OF RELIGION

With the Mennonites, the task seems less difficult. The young people are breaking away fairly steadily, and they mix around freely with other young Canadians. The use of German is pretty well obsolescent, and the Mennonite boys who are fighting in the war will have a considerable influence on the others. There seems reason to think that the Mennonites will be completely assimilated within a generation or so, and will make a most useful contribution to Canadian life.

The Doukhobors should possibly be handled a little less politely than they have been in the past. Under a cloak of religion, they have been and are defying Canadianization in every sense of the word. Their bluff should be called.

At present, the Doukhobors are more or less forcing the use of Russian on the children. The group settlement and home environment of the Doukhobors tend to cancel out the Canadian teaching which the children get in the public and high schools. Here again, group settlement might be forbidden by the government, and the use of Russian among children discouraged.

The Doukhobors would fuss over this, and talk about going. So much the better perhaps, if they really did. But they probably wouldn't go. After all the fussing was over, they would probably submit to it. They are great bluffers, and it is high time they had their bluff called.

To summarize, the problem is largely one of the children. Somehow or other, they must be Canadianized. Otherwise, we will have generation after generation of pacifist, isolationist "strangers" in Alberta, constantly growing in numbers and thwarting the progress of this province and this country.

In the 13,000 Mennonites, Hutterites and Doukhobors of Alberta, you can see reflected the most humiliating and dangerous factor in Canadian life today—the lack of a Canadian nationality, the conflict of narrow groups who are willing to live and grow fat in this country, but feel little or no loyalty towards it.

Insofar as these people are adults, nothing much can be done about them—they are beyond hope. But the children can be won for Canada and Canadianism, if our federal and provincial leaders are willing to call the bluff of religious fanaticism, and bring these children out from behind the barriers of ignorance which have been deliberately erected around them.

Sore Mouth, Loose Teeth

Bleeding gums, sore mouth and loose teeth may mean that you are a victim of Pyorrhea or Gingivitis that may sooner or later cause you to lose many of your teeth and have to wear false teeth before your time. Amosan curbs gum bleeding the first day, overcomes sore mouth and helps nature quickly tighten the teeth. Amosan must promptly and effectively overcome sore mouth, curb bleeding gums and help nature tighten your teeth or money back on return of empty carton. Get Amosan today from your druggist.

Amosan
For Pyorrhea—Gingivitis

Our money-back agreement protects you.

RECTAL SORENESS AND PILE TORTURE QUICKLY RELIEVED

If you are troubled with itching piles or rectal soreness, do not delay treatment and run the risk of letting this condition become chronic. Any itching or sorness or painful passage of stool is nature's warning and proper treatment should be secured at once.

For this purpose get a package of Hem-Roid from McDermid Drug Co., or any druggist, and use as directed. This formula, which is used internally, is a small, easy to take tablet, will quickly relieve the itching and sorcness and aid in healing the sore tender spots. Hemroid is pleasant to use, is highly recommended and it seems the height of folly for anyone to risk a painful and chronic pile condition when such a fine remedy may be had at such a small cost.

If you try Hem-Roid and are not entirely pleased with the results, your druggist will gladly return your money. Advt.

CHEERY WAR-TIME THOUGHTS

"I've had a lot of

Strangers In Our Problem Of Pacifi

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

"The trouble with these people," said a Lethbridge businessman, gazing moodily at a group of Hutterites going by his window, "is that in a highly un-Christian world, they're really trying to practice Christianity. In a world where you must kill to survive, they stick to the literal interpretation of the sixth commandment: Thou Shalt Not Kill. In a world where the meek are being massacred and enslaved, they still believe the meek will inherit the earth. Ethically speaking, they're probably right, but practically speaking, they're horribly wrong. What are you going to do about it?"

What is anybody going to do about it? Albehrta's 7,000 Mennonites, 5,000 Hutterites and 1,000 Doukhobors present one of the thorniest, most complicated problems which a civilized community ever faced. When you have dug into the history of these sects, when you have talked to them on their farms, when you have discussed them with their friends and their enemies, you find yourself thinking of the Eire problem and the India problem and the French-Canadian problem.

Considered in general terms, these 13,000 people offer three different problems: firstly, their pacifism, which naturally, during wartime, appears to be their most regrettable characteristic; secondly, their tendency to spread around and multiply at the expense of their normal "Canadian" neighbors; and thirdly, their stubborn determination to avoid assimilation, to keep on being Hutterites or Mennonites or Doukhobors, rather than "ordinary Canadians."

Last week, a bearded Hutterite set down his saw and told me: "If everyone was like us, there wouldn't be any wars." And, of course, he was perfectly right. But I thought, he was hopelessly impractical. The Hutterite faith does not dominate this world, and it never will. There is a war now; there will be wars, perhaps, in the future.

MENNONITES JOINING

But this sturdy isolationist refuses to see that. He sticks to his idea of non-resistance. So do all the other Hutterites, for, as far as I could learn, none of them have joined up. On the other hand, Mennonites, who are equally pacifist in their belief, have joined up to quite an extent. Young Mennonite lads are not so sheltered as the Hutterite boys; some of them have broken away from the old teachings, and are serving overseas. One Mennonite lad was kicked out of the Calgary Highlanders. He was too tough for that celebrated outfit. Several Alberta Mennonites are in the air force.

As for the Doukhobors, they are in such a state of confusion among themselves that you cannot approach their pacifist activities with any degree of precision. It is possible that some former Doukhobors have become Canadianized and joined up. However, they are the most backward and lawless of all the sects, and the evidence I obtained suggested that their cooperation in the war effort was so small as to be almost non-existent.

This is the first of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. The articles will appear each day in the Calgary Herald.

The immunity which these pacifist sects enjoy from military service not only keeps them out of uniform, but also has a discouraging effect on young Canadians who live in Hutterite, Mennonite and Doukhobor districts. A civilian recruiting official from one Alberta district, which has a heavy percentage of Hutterites and Mennonites, told me he got a stock answer from the young Canadians he approached: "They don't have to go; why should we?"

LAW ON EXPANSION

As for their second trait, their expansionism, this has come to a halt in Alberta, so far as the Hutterite colonies are concerned. According to legislation passed in Edmonton last winter, Hutterites and enemy aliens cannot expand any more during the war. They have to stay put. On the other hand, it is important to notice that the pacifist Mennonites, who farm individually, do not come under this law. They may expand as usual. So may the Doukhobors, who farm individually at Cowley, and as a communal colony near Arrowwood. They are not "enemy aliens." The government's law is really only effective with regard to the Hutterites, and will only affect them, presumably, during the war.

So when the war comes to an end, the problem of Hutterite, Mennonite and Doukhobor expansion will once again have to be faced. And there is no point in trying to reach a decision till it has been clearly decided whether these sects, producing and expanding and multiplying year after year, are an asset to Alberta or a liability.

HUTTERITES ISOLATED

In the matter of assimilation, the Mennonites appear to be well ahead of the others. More and more they are breaking away from the rigidity of the old European faith. More and more, they talk and act and think like Canadians. In many Mennonite districts, it is now impossible to tell a Mennonite from an ordinary Canadian. They are mixing in school and in community affairs, and as we have shown, some are mixing into the war itself.

The Hutterites offer a far greater problem. They deliberately isolate themselves from the wickedness and temptation of the outside world. Their children get a Canadian education—but with reluctance. They quit school at 15. Few break away. Their pacifism and isolation goes down from generation to generation. So does their industry, their simplicity and their efficiency. But it will be a very long time before they even reach the stage of Canadianism where the liberal Mennonites are now.

As for the mysterious Doukhobors it is not safe to make any predictions. They are so unstable that their colony and neighborhood life may rapidly fall apart, leaving behind individual farmers whose children are capable of easy assimilation. On the other hand, they may remain, as they have been in the past and as they appear to be today, the greatest mistake an immigration department ever made.

So there is the problem: some 13,000 people here in Alberta who apparently are willing to enjoy the privileges of Canadian life, without sharing a corresponding amount of the responsibility. We will do well to bear in mind that while their pacifist beliefs may seem to be their most annoying tendency today, there are other, and perhaps more important, tendencies at work among them.

Across Canada

Toronto—Canada must be prepared to spend as much as 50 per cent of its national income if it hopes to see an allied victory, G. W. Spinney, chairman of the national war finance committee, Ottawa, told delegates at the annual meeting of the Investment Dealers' Association here. "At that rate it will be a costly struggle and will entail real sacrifice on the part of everyone," he said.

◇ ◇ ◇

Vancouver—The civic "stagger hour" committee has decided to ask employers of approximately 2,000 downtown office workers to close their premises at 4 or 4:30 p.m. to relieve overcrowding of street cars. The transportation manager for the B.C. Electric Railway company, said setting back department store closing hours from 5:30 to 6 p.m. last month had made "a most important contribution" to the transit problem, but there were still too many travellers between 5:15 and 5:30 p.m.

◇ ◇ ◇

Timmins—Dynamiting of a river flowing through a nearby internment camp Saturday brought to the surface the body of 21-year-old Tanthaleon Rengert, a German prisoner who had been missing since Wednesday. Rengert disappeared after he and a number of other prisoners had been swimming in the river.

◇ ◇ ◇

Montreal—A unique petition is before the Montreal courts in which the court is asked to delete a sentence from a will in which the testatrix refers to a male relative as a "scoundrel" in giving reasons why nothing was left the relative. The petitioner is one of the beneficiaries of the will who asks that the clause be removed before the will is probated for fear that the individual referred to might take action against the estate for damages.

◇ ◇ ◇

Saint John — D. L. MacLaren, provincial air raid precaution director, says a campaign might be launched to increase the ARP personnel in New Brunswick from the present 9,791 to more than 25,000.

◇ ◇ ◇

London, Ont. — Prohibition against Japanese buying property

Strangers In Our Midst: Hutterite Colony Life

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

In the Hutterite colonies of Alberta (some 35 in number and housing about 5,000 souls) there is a place for everyone, and everyone is in his place. It is like the dream-world of a clerical Fascist. Every Hutterite, large or small, has his role to play. It is a restricted role, and it will be more or less chosen for him. But he will get, in return, more economic security than a millionaire. It is a good bargain for anyone who is willing to surrender his individuality in return.

This is the sixth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. Today's article is the second on the Hutterites, and discusses their way of living. Tomorrow's article will discuss the Hutterite attitude on the war and community co-operation.

That is what I, as an individual, cannot understand about the Hutterites. They have no sense of individual freedom or personality: they are completely submerged in the colony itself. No Hutterite can really call his soul his own. He is under the constant social pressure of the group and its leaders. And maybe that is the way he wants it, for there are few deserters.

When you walk around a Hutterite colony, you will see that their faith really turns itself into reality. Going there, you will notice how isolated it is from the wicked world outside: hard to get to, hard to get from. That is no accident, but part of Hutterite policy. You will notice that it constitutes a complete self-contained community, where sickness and business matters alone can provide a genuine reason for stepping beyond the boundaries. That, too, is deliberate.

PLENTY OF WORKERS

You will notice that work is always going on, particularly building work. You will be reminded instantly of a great modern industrial plant, a Ford assembly line maybe. But all of this is taking place on a farm, with soil and livestock and human beings taking the part of raw materials and machinery. And then you will begin to understand the prodigious wealth of the Hutterites.

On the old MacMillan property 20 miles west of High River, I saw the Hutterite colonists putting up a big new building. The framework was literally swarming with bearded men in drab blue jackets and pants. I thought at first of the Seven Dwarfs working in their mine, but the dwarfs had a sprightliness about them which the Hutterites lack. They are more like bees, maybe, in their terrific industry and organization.

If the Nazi motto is "Strength through joy," then maybe you could say the Hutterite motto was "Production through prayer." Working, as they see it, in the service of God, the Hutterites are doing one of the world's smartest jobs of assembly-line food production, and at a very handy profit.

FINE HANDICRAFT

Every colony has its department heads, or bosses, who must be married men. (Marriage is universal among the Hutterites at 21.) There will be a chicken-boss, goose-boss, blacksmith, shoemaker, engineer, carpenter, pig-boss, shepherd, barn-boss, field-boss and so on. All are experts in their own line. (Their handicraft is beautiful: whatever they do, they do with a quality amounting to perfection.)

Heading the colony are a "big boss" and either one or two preachers. Assisting these men in the direction of colony affairs are a board of elders. The "big boss" and the elders are chosen by vote of the male Hutterites. Preachers are chosen partly by election, partly by lot.

The department heads, or "small bosses," have an adequate supply of men and women workers at all times, through the ingenious "squad" system of the Hutteries, which assigns squads of workers wherever they are needed, when they are needed. Couple all this up with abundant capital, good mixed farming methods, perfect discipline, excellent land, and modern machinery, and you begin to see how the Hutterite colonies cannot help but prosper.

Individualism has little or no place in such a system, nor has home life as we understand it. The Hutterites cook and eat in communal kitchens, put their children in communal kindergartens all day, or else in school, use a communal laundry, and live in barn-like dormitories which are partitioned off into apartments.

No Hutterite has any individual property. Whatever he has or wears or uses is the property of the community. The apartments are spotlessly clean, but sparsely furnished, with no pictures or mirrors. This drabness may be found outside the buildings themselves. So far as I can learn, the Hutterites never make lawns, and they even look on flowers with disapproval.

Production costs under such a system are fantastically low. They all wear the same clothes, made right in the colony. The food, while plentiful, is frugal, and almost entirely home-grown. No expenditures on movies, magazines, pleasure-driving, radio.

No hired help to pay, for every child born into the colony is a part-time helper when he or she is old enough, and a full-time helper at 15, when all children are taken from school. There are no wages to be paid out, beyond a little pocket-money which, on rare trips to town, may be spent on candy or ice-cream cones.

(The use of money, or any kind of trading, within the colony itself, is strictly forbidden. The leader and elders do the trading with the outside world, handle money, buy supplies, and so on. Shrewd men, they drive a hard bargain—sometimes too hard for their own good.)

EXPANSION FORBIDDEN

This fervent production of food, coupled with an equally fervent production of children, has brought about the "expansion" principle of the Hutterite colonies. After a while, a colony finds it has plenty of capital on hand, and is getting overcrowded. So land is bought elsewhere, and a new Hutterite colony is set up. The Alberta government, by a special bill, has forbidden the Hutterites to "expand" any more during the war. Many people think this policy should remain in force after the war. A Lethbridge business man told me: "They buy more land to grow more crops to buy more land. And what good does it do anybody?"

It seems to do the Hutterites some good, but they don't seem to get very much pleasure out of it. Sometimes there are treats: Christmas feasts, big Sunday dinners, a big purchase of apples, beer at a wedding, weak rhubarb wine, and ice-cream served in soup plates. But movies and radio are forbidden, any but the most solemn books are frowned on and music is wicked. Romantic love, as we understand it, is not approved by the Hutterites: they view marriage as a matter of stern practicality.

Yet, for all of this, they are courteous and hospitable to strangers, pleased to show you around the colony, pleased to answer your questions, frank and thoughtful in their conversation, and willing to accept tolerantly whatever worldliness you may show.

TOO HIGH A PRICE?

Leaving their colony, you think of the many virtues the Hutterites show. No vice, no crime, no poverty, no riches, nobody idle, nobody over-worked, everyone secure and protected from cradle to grave, cared for in sickness and old age, completely free from the worries and complexities of modern life, living in deep, untroubled quietude and peace.

But there is a price to pay for it: and that price is the utter sacrifice of independence, personality, individual freedom as we understand it. That price must be paid, not only by the adult Hutterites, but by every child born into a Hutterite colony anywhere in Alberta. That is the crux of the Hutterite problem.

The above poster, recently is information for the Department the urgent call to action and the wherever he can be found.

DISMANTLE BUILDING

MOSCOW, June 29 (AP)—The framework of the Palace of the Soviets, originally planned to be the world's tallest building, is being dismantled to provide steel for the Russian army.

CANADA
OUR NATIVE LAND

A TRIBUTE

...to those gallant sons of Canada who stand, straining at the leash.. eager and prepared to get at grips with the enemy.

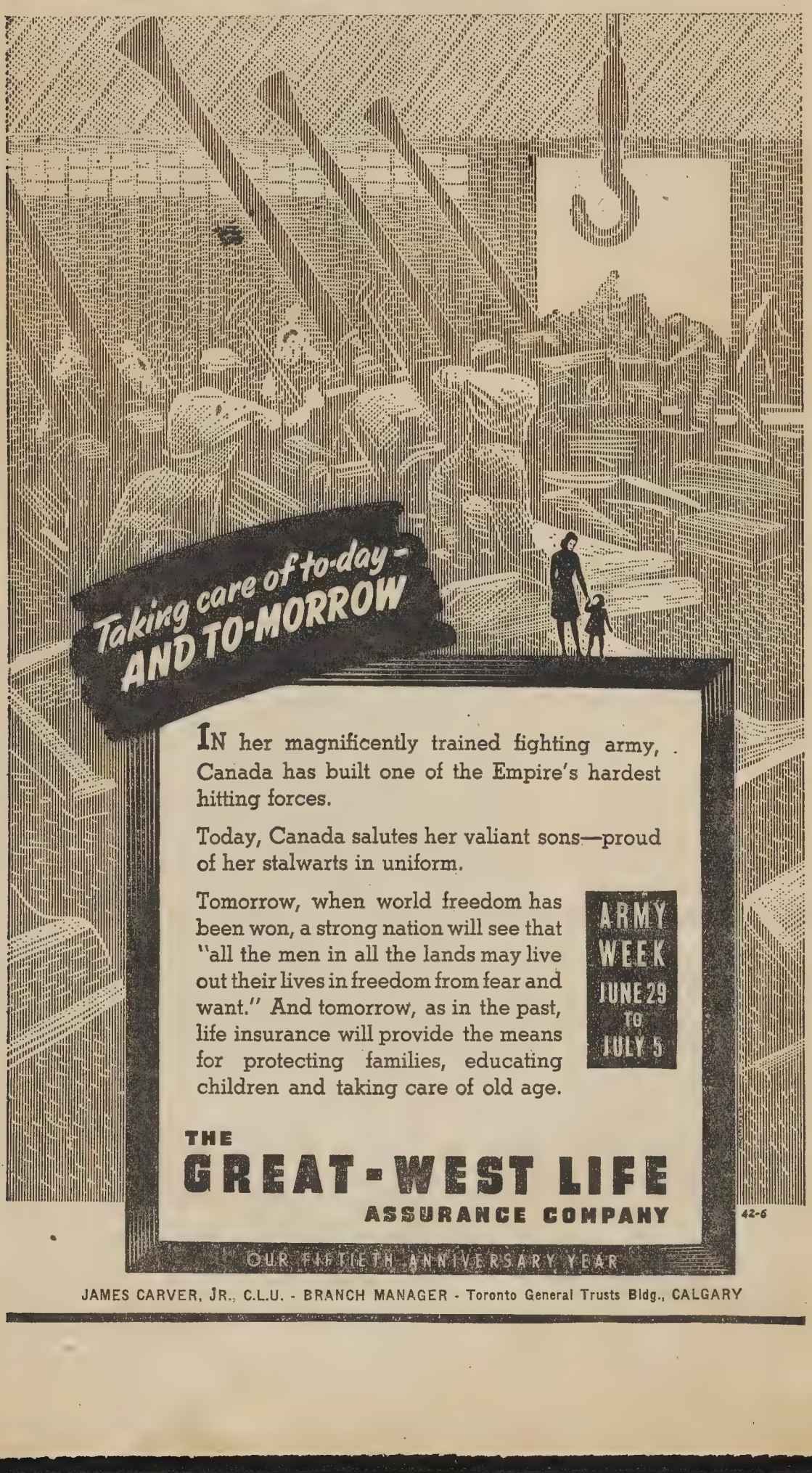
We confidently leave it in their hands to preserve that priceless heritage of Freedom for which their sires offered their all in years gone by.

OFFER YOUR HOSPITALITY

If there's an Army Camp near *your* home, there are a couple of boys away from *their* homes. Invite them to dinner or for the week-end. They will deeply appreciate it.

CHRISTIE, BROWN AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Christie's Biscuits



IN her magnificently trained fighting army, Canada has built one of the Empire's hardest hitting forces.

Today, Canada salutes her valiant sons—proud of her stalwarts in uniform.

Tomorrow, when world freedom has been won, a strong nation will see that "all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want." And tomorrow, as in the past, life insurance will provide the means for protecting families, educating children and taking care of old age.

ARMY WEEK JUNE 29 TO JULY 5

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

42-6

OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

JAMES CARVER, JR., C.L.U. - BRANCH MANAGER - Toronto General Trusts Bldg., CALGARY

Strangers In Our Midst: When Is A Doukhobor?

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

The Doukhobor way of life seems to me a great deal more hypocritical than that of the Hutterites or Mennonites. Though the basis of Doukhobor faith is "universal brotherhood," they show precious little of it in their dealings with the outside world. Though their faith is opposed to such worldly things as movies, music, smoking and dancing, the younger Doukhobors follow out the same patterns of behavior and amusement as young Canadians anywhere.

This is the eleventh of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta; Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the second article on Doukhobors. Tuesday's article will deal with the Doukhobor approach to citizenship and education.

A great many of Alberta's 1,000 Doukhobors, one suspects, are Doukhobors only when it comes to a matter of military service. The rest of them you might call "conservative" Doukhobors, people who honestly practice the Doukhobor way of life as it was originally conceived under the lash of the Cossacks, and make some effort to uphold the concept of universal brotherhood.

At Cowley, where the Doukhobors are all living as independent farmers, I was told that the younger generation were breaking away very rapidly from the old methods, and were only holding their ground when it came to a question of military service.

A DOUKHOBOR GIRL

SKILLED IN HANDICRAFT

The Doukhobors at Cowley farm much like anyone else, not too well and not too badly. While their standards of living are a little below the normal Canadian level, they do not go without any of life's necessities. The Doukhobor children I saw at Cowley seemed to be husky, well dressed, bright and cheerful. They are keen on sport and good manual workers.

In handicrafts — rug-making, knitting and crocheting — the Doukhobor girls excel. People who have had Doukhobor girls work for them as domestics have nothing but praise for them. The boys seem to have a certain knack for machinery, and handle cars, trucks and farm implements with skill.

These good traits among the Doukhobor children are offset to some extent by the influence of the Doukhobor parents, and the general social influence of the sect. If this were ever removed, it is probable that the Doukhobor children would be Canadianized in no time at all. They have good material in them.

I found corroboration of this at Arrowwood. Here, some of the Doukhobors are farming independently, and some (about 15 families in all) at the Shouldice colony. The colony is known as the Lords' Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, and is led by Anastasia Lords, a former associate of the late Peter Verigin I, who was assassinated in 1924.

COLONY IN DECAY

This colony was once tolerably prosperous, but now is in a state of decay. It is not a colony in the Hutterite sense of the word, with everyone working under a common direction. It is simply a section of land, divided up among individual families. Each family works its own land and lives in its own house.

There are a few cows on the Shouldice colony, and some fodder is grown for them, but the Doukhobors specialize in vegetables. Vegetarianism is one of the strong points of the Doukhobor faith, and the Doukhobors do a fine job of growing them. They are helped along at the colony by a natural spring, which has been piped downhill in a gravity irrigation system. The colony Doukhobors sell their produce individually and, so far as I could gather, co-operate with each other only to a limited extent.

(Whilst the Doukhobors theoretically stick to vegetarianism, the younger ones will tackle a hamburger as cheerfully as anyone else. Doukhobor vegetarianism, insofar as it still exists, appears to be an outgrowth of the early fanaticism, when the Doukhobors decided it was wicked to kill animals for any purpose, including food. Many Doukhobors still refuse to "kill" a gopher. Instead, they will half-drown it and put it in a badger hole, then cover the hole over. It is just as effective, and presumably salves their conscience.)

Going over the colony, I was struck by the run-down, slovenly air about it. Just as the colony at Cowley collapsed, so this one is collapsing, too, for lack of energy and intelligence. I noticed that there seemed to be more women working in the fields than men. According to neighbors, the Doukhobors believe that it is the proper function of women to do most of the heavy work. Judging from what I saw at the Shouldice colony, I would say there was some truth in it. (The Doukhobors disapprove of education for girls.)

The boys and girls I saw at the Shouldice colony looked just like ordinary Canadian farm children: they seemed to be of good physical stock. Some of the girls would be very handsome if they weren't marked with the evidence of unending drudgery in the potato patch. They were in modern dress, but the older women were wearing the typical Doukhobor shawl.

DON'T USE CHURCH

The Shouldice colony has a big church building, but it has fallen into disuse. I was told that services were held in various homes, a condition which also prevails at Cowley. Next to the church building lives Anastasia Lords, a stout lady of uncertain years. Sometimes Anastasia Lords will speak English, and sometimes only Russian. The day I was there, she stuck to Russian and, through an interpreter, we talked about Doukhobor rugs. She showed me a very fine one she had made with her own hands.

The Doukhobors are tolerably healthy (they are very fond of steambaths in the Finnish style) but, like many other immigrants, they do not give their children adequate protection against such diseases as smallpox and diphtheria. Their diet is excessively heavy in carbohydrates—too sweet—and they have an abnormal tendency toward diabetes. They get treatment for this, but it doesn't do much good, because they will not follow out the advice they are given. They take the insulin, but they won't change their diet, with the result that a diabetic Doukhobor dies off long before he needs to.

Doukhobors like getting medical treatment, and they like going to hospital. However, they are not very anxious to pay for either, and a doctor who treats them must expect to be paid, if at all, with a few vegetables.

POOR PAYMENT

A typical example of the workings of the Doukhobor mentality occurred some time ago in an Alberta town. A Doukhobor woman was brought to a nursing home by car. (Her husband was away hunting, an occupation in which good Doukhobors are not supposed to indulge.) She gave birth to a child, and stayed for 20 days.

During her stay in the nursing home, the Doukhobor woman demanded a special diet, and all kinds of services. Doukhobors came in big cars, and overran the house. Neither the woman nor her husband made the slightest attempt to pay the bill. "The municipality will pay" they said. The only payment received by the proprietor of the nursing home was half a bag of potatoes.

By and large, the Doukhobor way of living is tolerably like that of Canadians. But overshadowing the boys and girls is the old Doukhobor faith itself, decaying but still fairly powerful, propped up, so to speak, by colony life or by the group settlement of independent Doukhobors. So long as that condition remains, the children are likely to grow up with the same unfortunate traits and mannerisms which make the Doukhobor adult a pretty useless kind of citizen.

Famous Soviet Writer Killed In Sebastopol

MOSCOW, July 6 (BUP)—The death of Eugen Petrov, world-famous Soviet writer, dramatist and war correspondent who travelled extensively in the United States in 1935, has been announced. He was killed on the southern front.

Petrov went to Sebastopol two weeks ago, and evidently was killed during the last days of the battle for the great Crimean naval base. His last published dispatch (printed in The Calgary Herald today) came from Sebastopol, and told of the Soviet garrison's unprecedented resistance amidst the ruins of the fortress. He was 40 years old.

Petrov was known best as co-author of "The Little Golden Calf," one of the most brilliant Soviet satires on bureaucracy. More recently he sent dispatches regularly to the North American Newspaper Alliance, for which he was correspondent. (These articles appeared also in The Herald.)

U.S. Overseas Bases Expanding

LONDON, July 6 (CP)—Further expansion of United States naval and military bases in Britain is reliably reported under way, primarily for use in 1943.

Material has been allocated for construction of three naval bases in addition to the large new repair and supply centre recently disclosed to be in operation at Londonderry, Northern Ireland, for American warships on convoy duty.

STILL GOING STRONG

CAIRO, July 6—(AP)—One of the pilots who brought down German bombers over the Suez Canal area Saturday night was Wing Cmdr. George H. Stainfort, winner of the Schneider trophy in 1932. At 44 he is the oldest active fighter pilot in the R.A.F.

TO STUDY ACT

EDMONTON, July 6 — (CP) — The special committee appointed by the Alberta Legislature at the last session to study operations of the Workmen's Compensation Act will open hearings here Tuesday.

BEFORE YOU INSURE
Consult
Confederation Life Association

Strangers In Our Midst: Few Hutterites Desert

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

You would think, with the Hutterite way of life as frugal and pious as it is, that they would be shining examples of stalwart health. But that is not the case. The Hutterite children do not measure up to the standards which we consider correct for middle-class Canadian children. And there is no sound reason or excuse for it.

This is the eighth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta; Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the fourth article on Hutterites. Friday's article will take up the subject of Hutterites and the school system.

I do not know whether this condition of affairs prevails in every one of the 35 Hutterite colonies in Alberta, but it definitely prevails in those about which I was able to obtain information.

For example, at colonies near Cardston definitely bad conditions have been found. An investigation was held there last month, sponsored by St. Mary's School Division. They found malnutrition, feeble-mindedness and eye defects to a "deplorable" extent. There has also been refusal at Cardston to co-operate with the authorities in vaccination and inoculation. The investigators found that there had been a lot of inbreeding: that the physical stock of the Hutterites was deteriorating for want of new blood.

The Cardston district is probably the worst in this regard. There has been a lot of trouble among the Hutterites there: quarrelling and bad management. Hutterites in other colonies admit conditions are unsatisfactory among their fellows at Cardston.

NOT ENOUGH PLAY

Here is the comment of a doctor who has examined every Hutterite child in a Central Alberta community: "They're definitely scrawny and underweight. Their minds are slow, and they're more liable to T.B. infection than ordinary children. I think a lot of things are to blame: poor ventilation, too many swaddling clothes in their early years, not enough play. In general, I would say that they are slightly sub-normal as far as health is concerned."

Diet may have something to do with this. The Hutterites have enough food on hand, but they are certainly backward in their approach to nutrition. People who have easten Hutterite meals say that they are rather heavy and stodgy: mid-Victorian, so to speak. Many of the children seem to have a pasty, dull look about them.

Here is a report I got from a teacher in a small town of Southern Alberta. I asked her to see the local doctor about the health of the Hutterites near there: "Average health is good. None have submitted for vaccination and inoculation. The sect apparently shows a tendency to neglect the health of their infants and younger children. The doctor states they have voiced the opinion that hospitalization is too costly, and that the children are not worth it until they reach working age. In school, the teachers complain that the children commonly suffer from skin diseases—rashes and boils. There is considerable room for improvement in the cleanliness of their clothing."

No epidemics have occurred among the Hutterites, according to the department of health at Edmonton, but there is some trachoma—a highly infectious eye disease—among them. The attitude of the Hutterites towards provincial health regulations is decidedly unsatisfactory and such letters as they send in to the health department are "unintelligent and illegible". They do not co-operate in replying to form letters sent out from Edmonton, and act as if their health was their own business, and nobody else's.

USE OWN MIDWIVES

Hutterites use "outside" hospital and medical facilities only to a small extent. The vast majority of births take place right in the colonies themselves, with only a Hutterite midwife in attendance. Doctors have not got a high opinion of the competence of these midwives.

At High River, I learned of a Hutterite dentist, who presumably has no right to practice his skill in Alberta, but does so anyway. His work is said to be fairly good on simple dental operations. They also, in some instances, do their own vaccination against smallpox, or permit an "outside" doctor to do inoculations and vaccination. One of these doctors told me: "Plenty of those kids need tonsil and adenoid extraction, and I have recommended it, but they don't do anything about it".

There are a number of bonesetters in the Hutterite colonies, who are said to be very adept, and to have performed some "remarkable" cures on outsiders. They are supposed to have a fine sense of touch.

In general, it might be said that Hutterite children are getting unfair treatment in regard to health. They don't get the right kind of play or the right kind of medical care or the right kind of food. Possibly none of them die from this inattention, but it gets them away to a dull, sickly start in life.

For absolute proof of this, I learned that there had been an abnormal number of rejections among Hutterites examined by the war services department for compulsory work service. "There were a lot of definitely poor specimens", I was told.

"SORT OF DAZED"

The rigid upbringing of the Hutterite boys and girls, with all the insistence on work and religion, and practically none on fun and healthy play, produces a glum breed. Since little or no new blood comes into their colonies, there is no refreshing or improving of their physical stock. This situation is going to be troublesome some day.

Maybe—from the view point of the children's rights to a normal Canadian upbringing—it is troublesome now. "Those kids are just sort of dazed" says one teacher. And another: "I taught them a song for Christmas. It would just about break your heart to see those grim-faced little things singing about Santa Claus with never a smile or a gesture."

As they go up through life, they are always sheltered. But there is a rebellious tendency which sometimes comes to the surface. For example, the Hutterite boys who stole a goose, sold it in town, and bought mouth-organs with the proceeds. These satanic devices were discovered by one of the elders, hidden in a pile of straw, and the lads were duly denounced for their impiety. In another case, a phonograph was found, complete with records, and was ceremoniously destroyed.

Sometimes a Hutterite girl will sneak into a store for a bright ribbon to tie in her hair, and sometimes a daring Hutterite boy will manage to get into the movies. Teachers come in from "outside" with radios, and it is surprising how many Hutterites feel a need to go and chat with the teacher while she has her radio playing.

Trucks are taking the young men away from the puritanical life of the colonies, and in some cases, Hutterites are willing to let books and magazine come in from outside. They have to thoroughly respectable, of course. Hutterite boys, if they're careful, can sometimes sneak away to a dance, and more than one Hutterite girl knows what silk stockings feel like on her legs.

ASSIMILATION?

But there is hardly any real assimilation of Hutterites. Some rebellious souls break away, girls and boys alike, and no force is used to keep them. But it takes a lot of courage to do it. The girl who breaks away must be prepared to abandon her family and step out into a strange world which seems utterly strange and hostile to her. She may take nothing with her. She knows nothing of modern clothes, manners, talk. What will happen to her?

A young man is a little better off, but he, too, will need courage to leave his sheltered environment and his parents, and to enter a world for which he has been insufficiently educated, and where his awkwardness and lack of social knowledge will make him seem laughable for a long time.

A typical breakaway is Martha (the name is fictitious) who found a friend in the teacher at the colony. The teacher conspired with Martha, who didn't want to be married to some Hutterite she didn't care about and tied down to the colony the rest of her life. Martha made her escape, but she needed watching for some time. Overcome with the excitement of "worldliness", she dressed and rouged and painted excessively. She got a job as a domestic in Calgary, married an "outsider", and is now living happily in a small town nearby.

Jacob (another fictitious name) wants to break away. He is sensitive and intelligent, a keen reader. But what can he do? Although he is still under 30, he has a wife and five children to support. He doesn't see how he can keep them "outside", since he would have to start from scratch, without a nickel in his pocket, and the outside world is utterly unfamiliar to him.

Would it not be profitable for the community to help and encourage these people to escape? Could not some kind of special assistance be given those Hutterites who break away, to give them a start in the outside world? If something of this nature were done, the colonists might desert in much greater numbers than they have so far, and the assimilation of the Hutterites, which now proceeds very, very slowly, might become much more pronounced.

Essen, Germany's sub-making centre, was founded as a nunnery in the 10th century.

What a Life!

No dates today
for this handsome flier!
Somebody tell him—
we all must perspire
But every one living,
of either gender,
Can keep from being
a social offender.

Bath tonight with LIFEBUOY
The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

HANDLE WITH CARE

BRING us your exposed film for developing, printing, and enlarging. Our expert workmen use fine chemicals and papers to bring out the best in every picture. Stop in today and let us show you samples of our work.

EASTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS LIMITED
1003-1st STREET WEST

Strangers In Our Midst: Have Children No Rights?

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

There is always a tug-of-war going on between the school authorities of Alberta and the Hutterite colonies. Sometimes the Hutterites win, and sometimes the school authorities win. But most of the time, the Hutterite children lose. They lose what many people think is the basic right of any child in a democracy—the right to grow up with a free, independent, inquiring mind.

This is the ninth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta; Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. This is the fifth and last article on Hutterites. Saturday's article will be the first on the Doukhobors.

The question which the Hutterites pose in the matter of education is simply this: have any group of people, under a claim of piety and godliness, the right to fetter and stunt a child's mind? If you answer "Yes," then you will approve of the Hutterite approach to education. If you answer "No," then you must view the Hutterite attitude with repugnance.

The Hutterite child is exposed to state schools from the age of seven to the age of 15. No Hutterite child has the slightest chance of higher education, as we understand it. At 15, they must leave school forever, and fall into the stodgy, ignorant rut of Hutterite life.

NO HIGH SCHOOL

When the Hutterites first came to Cardston, they allowed two boys—more or less experimentally—to go to high school. However, the boys attended a dance, and the elders heard about it. They called the boys back. One went back to the colony, but the other refused, broke with the Hutterites, and went on to a university career. Since then, no Hutterite children have gone to high school.

Even while they are actually attending state school, the Hutterite influence is brought to bear upon the children in every possible way. Nearly every Hutterite colony in Alberta, by one means or another, has the public school located within its own boundaries. Thus: (1) the children do not leave the colony to go to school; (2) pressure can be exercised constantly on the teacher and the children; (3) there is very little chance of "outside" children attending the same school, and thus corrupting the Hutterites.

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

In addition to this, there are the German classes which Hutterite children must attend, as well as the regular public school classes. These classes are held for an hour either before or after regular public school—sometimes both. They are held right in the school itself.

These German classes are religious in nature. The teacher imposes discipline with a strap, and treats the children with methods which went out 50 years ago. These classes are described by government teachers as being "fire and brimstone," with the lessons being literally battered into the Hutterite children.

Apart from all this, of course, the Hutterite child is constantly exposed to the social pressures of the colony, and of his own parents. He gets stiff doses of religion every day in the week, Sunday especially. He does not mix with children "outside." He rarely sets foot over the boundaries of the colony at all.

Before the Hutterite child gets to public school, the Hutterite leaders start to weave the Hutterite web around him. He goes to kindergarten for several years, where he will assemble with other Hutterite toddlers under guidance which is probably kind, probably competent, but unquestionably Hutterite. So that by the time the government teacher gets the Hutterite child. she has lost about 90 per cent of her chances of making him into a Canadian.

I think this is an utterly appalling state of affairs. But it is also, I suppose, a legitimate exercise of a particular form of religion.

MUST STAY HOME

"I feel so sorry for John," says a South Alberta teacher, referring to a Hutterite child. "He wants to be an engineer, but he knows they won't even let him go to high school." Why can't John go to high school? The colony can certainly afford to send him. He can't go because: (1) if he went, he would mix with Canadian children and would thus be "corrupted"; (2) if he went, that would be one less helper around the colony. So John, who might have become a gifted engineer, contributing to Canadian progress, will become—a Hutterite.

"Oh, it's a shame," says a Calgary lady who once taught school at a Hutterite colony. "When I taught, there were a bunch of Hutterite girls who used to come to see me. We would make fudge and tell stories and sing songs—till the preacher found out about it."

Many former and present teachers in Hutterite colonies have told me about the absolute hunger of many Hutterite children for some contact with the outside world, some sort of escape from the harsh discipline which surrounds them.

"Katy is about eight. She wants to see a movie terribly badly. She doesn't think her parents would mind, but she knows the preacher would."

"Jacob is rather progressive. He would like his children to learn music and go to university. But he knows they never can, so long as he stays in the colony."

Teachers say that the Hutterite children, after they leave school, are encouraged to forget what they learned there. It is also charged by teachers that Hutterites try to discourage the teaching of music in the schools. Another thing the Hutterites dislike in the schools is P.T. They feel that physical jerks savor too much of militarism.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH

Hany Hutterite colonies have built the school themselves in order to have it on the colony. The one I saw on the MacMillan ranch settlement was a very fine, modern building, indeed—airy, comfortable, pleasant and just as nice as any city school.

A favorite device of the Hutterites is to build the school themselves, and use it also as a church. Thus equipped, they can protest against flags, decorations, pictures and such in the schoolroom, on the grounds they desecrate the "church."

The Hutterites are anxious that the schools should be well equipped, but they do not appear to be very enthusiastic about the teaching which goes on in them. Certainly, they think Canadian teachers are too gentle, too democratic.

"They disapprove of liberalism in any way," says a school inspector, "and they certainly disapprove of teaching the child to think for himself. They let their leaders do all the thinking for them, and that's the way they want the children to be."

The teacher can sometimes call the Hutterites' bluff. There is a strong-willed Scottish lady who teaches school at a Hutterite colony near Lethbridge. She has taught the children craft work, and their handicraft was shown in a Lethbridge hobby fair. She has planted flowers. When she is peeved at the children, she makes them sing "God Save the King" and "O Canada" over and over again.

In another instance, a school division office was sponsoring a campaign for the collection of scrap rubber. They sent a poster to one of the Hutterite schools, thinking it probably wouldn't do much good. But the children, under the encouragement of the teacher, got out and rooted around and turned in a nice pile of scrap rubber for the war effort.

PLAYING BASEBALL

School officials feel that a tremendous amount of good can be done by a teacher who is willing to stay with the Hutterites and patiently break down their resistance. But such teachers are few. Most teachers don't like being in a Hutterite colony, and they get away as soon as they can. They complain the children are either unwilling or unable to learn.

A typical tug-of-war is that now going on between a Hutterite Colony and one of the Alberta school divisions. The Hutterite children were forced to go to an "outside" school, where there were "outside" children. At first, the little Hutterites sat like bumps on a log, but after a while they got a little bit Canadianized. They played baseball, they ran and laughed. "You wouldn't know them," says a division official who witnessed the transformation.

The Hutterite elders didn't like this at all. They managed things so as to pull the children away from the "outside" school, into a school on Hutterite property. A struggle is now going on between the school division and the Hutterite leaders. The school authorities want the children back in the "outside" school, and the Hutterites don't.

So the struggle goes on all the time. On the one hand is the desire of the school authorities to give the Hutterite children a normal Canadian education, an appreciation for Canadian life; on the other hand is the desire of the Hutterites to keep the children in state of submission and semi-ignorance. The Hutterites seem to have many advantages in this struggle. Can the state tip the scales in favor of Canadianization without laying itself open to the charge of interfering with the free practice of religion?

King Says Army May Attack Soon

OTTAWA, July 3 (CP)—Canada's soldiers went through their Army Week manoeuvres today with new hope in their hearts for real action before many months are past.

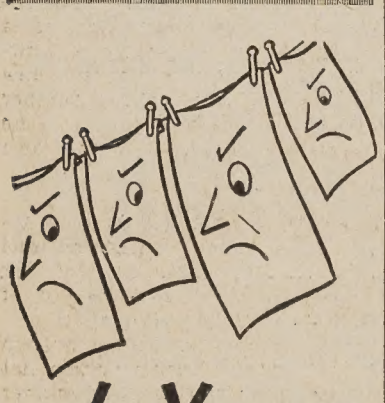
As the nation marked the fifth day of Army Week, fighting men pondered Prime Minister Mackenzie King's assertion in the House of Commons Wednesday that the day is coming—"it may be close at hand"—when the Canadian army will have an 'honored place in the van of attack."

Mr. King did not enlarge on his reference to Canadians in the "van of attack," but army men noted his remarks followed by a few days his return from Washington conferences with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill when action on a second front presumably was discussed.

Flights of Royal Canadian Air Force planes winged over Parliament Hill as he spoke, in salute to 5,000 members of the armed forces gathered on the hill in a "United Service Day" demonstration.

CONTROL CANAL TRANSPORT

LONDON, July 3 (CP) — The ministry of war transport has announced that Britain's principal canals and public carriers by canal will be brought under a scheme of control similar to that over the railway companies. The object is to ensure the fullest use of the canal system in the war effort.



Is Your Wash a Victim of YELLOW TINGE

BLUE stops clothes from turning yellow and makes them snowy WHITE

White things that have traces of yellow look old — that's Yellow Tinge. For sparkling whiteness give them a last rinse in blue water. All the rubbing and scrubbing in the world won't give you snowy white clothes without that last, magic dip in Blue.

RB-26

Seven colours combine to make white. One of these colours is blue. There is no true white without Blue!

Are the ravages of CONSTIPATION written on your face? Look better, feel better! Enjoy this delicious whole-grain cereal daily ... and KEEP REGULAR

12-42

Strangers In Our Midst: To Fight Or Not To Fight?

By RICHARD J. NEEDHAM

Nearly everybody thinks that the Doukhobors, Hutterites and Mennonites enjoy exemption from armed service because of agreements given them by the Dominion government half a century ago. This is not true. The Doukhobors, Hutterites and Mennonites enjoy only the same exemption from armed service as is given any other conscientious objector in Canada.

This is the thirteenth of a series of articles on the problem of pacifist sects in Alberta: Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors. Tomorrow's article, the last in the series, will discuss the question of assimilation.

What happened is this. When these groups began coming to Canada, their leaders went to the Dominion authorities to make sure there would be no compulsory military service. The Dominion authorities told them that under the laws of Canada any genuine conscientious objector could obtain exemption from armed service.

Because the government of that day was anxious to get these people into Canada, they went a little further. They made special assurances to the sect leaders that there was room in Canada for conscientious objectors, and that the government would live up to its own laws.

That is the only "agreement" which the pacifist sects enjoy. They enjoy the same immunity from bearing arms as a Quaker or a pacifist ditch-digger or a genuine conscientious objector of any other kind—neither more nor less. In other words, the government cannot take away protection from the Doukhobors, Hutterites, and Mennonites alone—it can only take away protection from all conscientious objectors.

Such an action, of course, is unlikely to be taken by this or any other democratic government. Rightly or wrongly, every democratic country protects the conscientious objector from bearing arms—Britain, Australia and the United States. So it doesn't seem likely that the pacifists sects of Alberta are going to get into uniform in the near future.

CAN WE FORCE THEM?

And even if the government did decide to make all conscientious objectors bear arms, how would they do it? The Hutterites of South Dakota, in the last war, accepted death rather than armed service. They would do it again. The Doukhobors and Mennonites would undoubtedly resist. Then what would the government do? Use violence? Put them in jail? Flog them? It has the right to do so—but it wouldn't make soldiers out of them that way: it would merely be putting the country to endless trouble and expense, and taking up time and energy that would be better devoted to the war effort.

What would be the use of conscripting one Hutterite for armed service if it took ten men to get a uniform on him? And—even if they did get a uniform on him—would he be of any earthly use to the army?

Many people say: "Conscript them for non-combatant military service!" That sounds all right, but when you train a man for these services, you have to give him basic training, which includes training in arms. The Doukhobors, Hutterites and Mennonites would refuse to accept this.

Besides, as the War Services people pointed out, you cannot "label" a man for any one branch of the service. You can't put a uniform on a man, then guarantee him he will be in this or that unit for the duration. He may need to be shifted around.

WORK SERVICE

No matter what your personal feelings may be in the matter when you examine these angles of the pacifist problem, you come around to the conclusion that about the only thing you can do with them is to give them alternative work service, and keep them humping at that. What the Alberta Mennonites and Hutterites are doing now is fire-guard service in British Columbia, and the War Service people feel that is satisfactory.

In these camps, the conscientious objectors get 50 cents a day, board and lodgings. They must provide their own clothes. It is worthy to note that when married men are taken for this kind of service, they will get no kind of dependents' allowances. Their wives and children will have to shift for themselves.

(One suggestion I have heard, which the government might consider, is that these lads might be used as farm labor where needed. There will be—is now—a pronounced shortage of farm labor in Alberta, and there seems to be no special reason why these pacifists shouldn't get busy and do forced labor on the food front. Another suggestion is that they should be conscripted for road building and similar work in actual war areas. This suggestion comes from people who are willing to give the pacifists exemption from armed service, but are not willing to give them exemption from hardship and danger.)

The Doukhobor lads, of course, are behaving in an inexcusable manner. They are making good money by refusing to do either work service or armed service. The Dominion government should act soon, in a forthright manner, to teach them a lesson. They should not let these arrogant young hypocrites defy them any longer.

LONG-TERM POLICY

As a long-term policy, it has been suggested that the Hutterites, Mennonites and Doukhobors should be given a "deadline" on their exemption from military service—say 1960, after which date every one of them would be liable to armed service. I have no criticism of this, however, as I pointed out above, it could not be applied merely to these sects, but would have to apply to all conscientious objectors. You can't make one man serve because he is a Hutterite, meanwhile exempting another man who happens to be a Jehovah's Witness.

In brief, the military problem posed by these sects cannot be solved by considering them alone: it can only be solved as part of the whole problem of conscientious objectors in wartime.

Yet another—perhaps more important—aspect of this miltiary problem may be found in the group settlements themselves. The best solution for their pacifist tendencies would be to assimilate them into Canada, to make them Canadians. The ordinary Canadian is not a conscientious objector. How can we make these people into ordinary Canadians?